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A TERRORIST IN SPAIN

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HITLER'S decision to double the period of military service was explained to the German people as a sacrifice which the "Forces of Order" in Europe must make to fend off Bolshevik aggression. For several days propaganda on the air and in the press had fixed on Moscow the responsibility for the civil war in Spain, and this was followed by terrifying accounts of Russian armaments, especially in the air. But in fact the two years' term was fixed in secret a year ago—as the French wireless, quoting German military documents, has revealed—and the real reason for it is that otherwise the army would be reduced each winter to untrained recruits. But this decision, rendered doubly alarming by the manner of its announcement, has come as a heavy blow to the French, who see themselves hopelessly outnumbered. Dr. Schacht's visit to Paris is apparently a move in the continual game of Berlin to detach France from Russia by alternate threats and caresses.

The Spanish War

It is not certain why Hitler broke the Fascist United Front by his sudden decision to join the embargo on arms for Spain. Perhaps the explanation is his constant wish to stand well with Downing Street. That consideration does not weigh with Mussolini, who has not yet followed up his note of acceptance by an actual prohibition of the export of arms. The weakest point in the ring round Spain is Lisbon. There the German ship *Kamerun*, which seems to have deserved severer treatment from the Spanish cruisers than she received, has safely landed 800 tons of munitions for the militarists, including tanks. Worse than this, it is the practice of the Portuguese troops and police at the frontier to hand over Republican refugees to the rebels, who shoot them without mercy. Portugal is so closely dependent on the Foreign Office and the City that only the minimum of pressure should be required from Downing Street to stop such flagrant breaches of neutrality. In France, meanwhile, great meetings, representing all sections of the People's Front, have been held in Paris and Lyons to protest against the refusal of arms to the Spanish Government. The military news is decidedly better for the Government. It has held Irun against a spectacular assault by Moors with tanks, bombers and cruisers to back them. Advancing from Madrid it has taken Segovia: Oviedo is all but captured: finally the Moors are said to be unreliable. On the other hand, Malaga seems to be in great danger.

The Soviet Purge

The execution of all the sixteen prisoners in the Soviet treason trial followed promptly on their conviction. With Zinoviev and Kamenev there disappear two others who

played a part only a little less distinguished in early years of the revolution, Smirnoff and the general of the civil war, Mratchkovsky. Tomsky, formerly the head of the Trade Unions and latterly of the State publishing concern, shot himself to escape a less honourable fate. Of the original revolutionary executive of the Bolshevik party only Stalin is now left alive and in power. Bucharin and Radek, accused in the dock by some of the prisoners, are under suspicion, while Sokolnikoff, formerly ambassador in Paris and London, is in prison. The purge goes on upon a great scale throughout the party in the provinces. The trial, if one may trust the available reports, was wholly unconvincing. The accused had no counsel, and the evidence consisted solely of confessions worthless in the circumstances. That part of the opposition at one time grouped round Trotsky may have continued to plot is quite possible. But it is hard to believe that all these orthodox Bolsheviks broke the first rule of the party by planning terrorism and assassination, and even more unlikely that they conspired with the Nazi secret police. Zinoviev and Kamenev, under a cloud since 1927, several times in exile and prison and all the time under surveillance, would have been reckless heroes if they had gone on plotting; and that was never the reputation of these particular revolutionaries. The worst interpretation is that the Soviet Political Police vamped up this conspiracy to perpetuate its power on the eve of the adoption of a quasi-democratic constitution. The truth is unknown. There may well have been a plot. But the disadvantages of these methods of justice, coupled with unconvincing confessions and broadcast propaganda, is that they reflect among those who retain any integrity of judgment, at least as much upon the State which employs them as upon the victims it condemns.

The Arab Rebellion

The riots in Palestine have been as violent as ever this week. Attacks by Arab gangs on Jewish lives and property continue unabated, and in certain quarters the Jews have been goaded into a policy of reprisals. Unfortunately the action which the Government has been forced to take to quell the disorders can only serve to make the problem more intractable. Last week the Arab National Committee in Lydda complained to the High Commissioner that in a recent visit by British troops to a nearby village innocent men and women had been shot, and bombs had been thrown and houses dynamited indiscriminately. No doubt these reports are exaggerated, but such action can only have the effect of creating a deep-seated hostility between the large sections of the Arab population who believe passionately in the justice of their cause and the Government, whom they hold responsible for the Jewish invasion. During the past few weeks offers of mediation have been made by the Arab rulers of Iraq, Arabia and Transjordan. The intervention of the Emir Abdullah seems more likely to give rise to disturbance in Transjordan than peace in Palestine, but there is now a possibility that the efforts of the Iraqi Foreign Minister may prove more successful. It is good that the Arabs should call off their strike, but the suggested price of peace, that Jewish immigration should be suspended, is one that ought not to be paid. This would be to concede everything that the Arabs took up arms to win.

Nazi Activities

The revelations in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle* about the Nazi organisation in Barcelona have naturally been extensively quoted in the French press. Last week *Vendredi* published an account of even more astonishing German activities in the Spanish islands off the African Coast. The allegation is made that for the last three years the Germans have been delivering arms at Las Palmas and Santa Cruz de Teneriffe. In particular, several hundred small floating mines, disguised as buoys, have been stored in Fuerteventura. In the Canary Islands, which lie dangerously near the sea route (for native troops) from Dakar to France, there are said to be close on 3,000 Germans. It is further alleged that the Germans have taken a 99-year lease of one of the Bisagos, 180 miles from Dakar, and equipped it as a submarine base. A concrete harbour, oil tanks, docks and a depot for seaplanes are said to have all been built at immense expense. A submarine was actually shipped there in sections in 1933. No one is allowed to go near the place, which is disguised as a palm oil factory belonging to the Cameroon Railway Company. Floating mines are also reported to have been collected in German cork factories at Selva and Palamos in Catalonia, and sent to the rebels in Majorca on the night of July 15th. Meanwhile in Denmark the *Social Demokraten* has been publishing further accounts of German methods there. At the beginning of the year the *Volkischer Beobachter* correspondent in Copenhagen sent out a questionnaire to Germans resident in Denmark asking, among other things, what motor vehicles they possessed and what they knew about Danish lighthouses. A Northern Cultural Society has been formed and propaganda consisting chiefly of Hitler's speeches, translated and printed in Danish, is being distributed from German ships in Danish ports.

The Popular Front

The only living issue of home politics to-day is the question of a Popular Front in this country, and the initiation in the discussion comes not only from the Left but also from the Liberals, who discussed the question at their Summer School in Oxford a few weeks ago. Four speeches on the subject, made on that occasion by Sir Walter Layton, Mr. A. J. Cummings, Mr. Edward Thompson and Mr. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, have now been reprinted as a sixpenny pamphlet by the *News Chronicle*, under the title of *The Challenge to Democracy*. Mr. A. J. Cummings takes as his slogan "Social justice, liberty and peace"; his proposal, an electoral pact arranged constituency by constituency between the Liberal and Labour parties. He prophesies that if these things are not done, "British boiled-shirt Fascism" will destroy our liberties, and that a Popular Front may then have to be created with blood and tears. It is interesting to note that Mr. Cummings's policy does not differ in any essential from that outlined by Mr. Harold Nicolson in his defence of the National Labour point of view in another 6*d.* pamphlet, called *Politics in the Train*. But it may well be that advance towards a Popular Front in this country will come most readily from enforced unity on particular issues as they arise. The ill-wind of the Spanish Civil War, for instance, may blow the British Left a good deal of good if the existing unity of sympathy can be translated into unity of action.

Labour and Foreign Policy

Left unity on the Spanish issue should not be difficult. The policies of the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Herald* and of this paper are substantially the same on this question, though the *Daily Herald* reflects an uncertainty born presumably of hesitations and differences within the Trades Union Council. Mr. Morrison, who, like Dr. Dalton and others, returned in time for the meeting of the National Council of Labour on Tuesday, has already expressed his views in *Forward*. In an outspoken article he criticises the policy of neutrality on grounds very similar to those advanced in this journal, and decides that the attitude of the British Government is at least partly to be explained by a preference for a Left defeat in Spain. In Geneva itself Mr. Morrison made a remarkable speech before the Institute of International Relations. He belonged, he said, to that school of thought which wishes to strengthen not emasculate the Covenant, but in view of the great difficulties of revising the Covenant he urged that the most hopeful procedure would be through the development of regional agreements provided for by Article 21. If Fascist Powers would not come into "an all-European Treaty of mutual assistance," Mr. Morrison suggested that the only policy was to form an inner group of like-minded peaceful States for mutual protection within the League. He developed this theme in considerable detail. Mr. Morrison's policy, it should be noticed, bears the closest resemblance to that outlined by Mr. H. N. Brailsford in the pamphlet *Towards a New League*, which was published by this journal. But once again, while Socialists and Democrats discuss united fronts, Fascist Powers act. If Spain is left to her fate, and unity is not obtained here and now with France in seeing that the Fascist Powers are not permitted to supply General Franco, there will very soon be no democratic States left to unite.

New Factories

In its annual survey of industrial development in 1935, the Board of Trade states that there is no evidence of any marked drift of industry from North to South. This conclusion is based on a review of the eighty new factories which represent definite transfers from other areas. The whole survey, however, covers a much wider field and reveals that, in 1935, 510 new factories were opened, 192 factories were extended, whilst 486 were closed. Since the report says nothing of the net amount of employment created in the different areas by this process, the main conclusion is hardly decisive. Yet conditions in the North do show a certain improvement. During 1935, 166 factories were opened as compared with 119 in 1934, whilst only 194 were closed as compared with 220 in 1934. On the other hand, Greater London still holds the record for the number of new factories set up. Some attempt was made in the survey to discover the reasons which led to the location of industries in particular districts. "Convenience of premises" was the most popular reason given by manufacturers for their choice. In view of the vagueness of this phrase, would it not be worth the Government's while to attempt to persuade industrialists to find convenient premises in the more hardly-hit districts? In any case, if it is too much to expect the Government to save the Depressed Areas by their exertions, they might at least use their example. Sir Ernest Simon points out in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* that the Government proposes to build a new aero-engine factory near Coventry, where unemployment is almost non-existent.

Road Accidents

Figures often lie, but the mass of statistics collected by the Ministry of Transport showing the causes of road accidents during 1935 all point to the same conclusion. The vast majority of accidents are due to a widespread lack of traffic sense among motorists and pedestrians alike. Last year only 162 of the 6,300 accidents analysed were found to be due to skidding; excessive speed, cutting in, swerving and inattentive driving accounted for 1,282; inexperience only for 38. No fewer than 3,736 accidents occurred under conditions of very light traffic, 2,281 where traffic was moderate, whilst only 213 took place in districts where traffic was dense. Fifty-eight per cent. of the accidents occurred in daylight, 78 per cent. in clear weather, and 37 per cent. in darkness; only 14.5 per cent. took place in rain, snow or fog. Eighty-three per cent. of the fatal accidents to pedestrians are held to be the fault of the victims—a figure which should only be accepted with reserve since in these cases the most important witness is unavoidably absent. The main deduction from this useful survey is clear. It may be possible to reduce accidents by segregating types of traffic, having special roads for motors, separate tracks for cyclists and cages to keep pedestrians on the footpaths. But it is no good blaming the law, the weather, or even the roads for our misfortunes. They are due, like the rest of our misfortunes, to the inability of men to adjust their lives to the new powers that science has conferred upon them. In this case all they have to do is to drive carefully and look where they are going.

Sensible Decisions

The admirable Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings has succeeded in the greater part, though not in all, of its representations to the Forestry Commission, and the disfigurement of the lovely face of the Lake District by a stubble of conifers is to be limited. Simultaneously it is announced that the L.C.C. is receiving cordial co-operation from the Councils of the other counties involved in its effort to preserve a Green Belt round London. And the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee has reported in favour of a new Charing Cross Bridge to carry both road and railway. Here are three mild but very welcome facts to testify that the interests of the public are not consistently to be sacrificed to the insatiable demands of financial profit. The continually rising price of suburban land makes the completion of the Green Belt scheme very urgent, and, of course, legislation is required to submit all building to much more vigorous control in the public interest. Charing Cross report is particularly welcome because it rejects the retrograde plan of moving the station to the far side of the river. All long-sighted persons will agree that a new road bridge must soon be necessary, but there is a powerful argument for carrying it above, and not through, the Strand. Its usefulness in any case will depend on a new northward artery from the bridge-head to the Euston Road.

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NOT OUR CONCERN

SIR SAMUEL HOARE has explained that the fight between rival "factions" in Spain is "not our direct concern." It is an attitude to which we have become accustomed. When Japan invaded Manchuria we decided that the matter was not our concern, though in doing so we countenanced a war which we were pledged to unite with other Powers in preventing, signed the death warrant of the League of Nations and passed over to Japan the control of our interests in the Far East. It had always been an axiom of British policy that the British interests in China were of vital importance; we had fought several wars to establish them and been party to a number of treaties to guarantee them. Japan swept away all these treaties and established a position which enabled a high Japanese official to say that "Europe and America possess no more political interests in East Asia than we possess in the European or American Continents." Similarly when Mussolini prepared his invasion of Abyssinia the British Government regarded it as none of their concern until too late to prevent it, and when Sir Samuel Hoare had at length been brought to the point of making a strong declaration at Geneva, he turned tail and fled in a way which overwhelmed both Britain and the League in irredeemable ridicule and contempt. The collapse involved the end of our control of the Suez Canal and gravely impaired our capacity to defend India, Egypt, and Palestine, in which, by the way, Mussolini's propaganda and support have already had their notable effect on the Arab terrorists. So again to-day, when Italian and German aeroplanes are transporting Moors to conquer Spain for Christianity, the authoritative spokesman of the British Government declares that it is not our direct concern. It is not our concern that a victory for General Franco would mean that the entrance to the Mediterranean would be controlled by three Fascist Powers at Ceuta instead of by us at Gibraltar, that France would be menaced on three frontiers and threatened by an internal rebellion which, no one doubts, would be supported, as the Spanish one has been, by Italy and Germany, and that in that case our one effective ally as well as the last important Continental democracy would be thrown into chaos. Or is Germany to be our new ally?

Such an attitude on the part of British Conservatism would, as Sir Norman Angell insists in an admirable article on the "The New John Bull," in the current issue of the *Political Quarterly*, have been unimaginable before the war. How are we to account for this change in British mentality? Why has Great Britain decided that it is not her concern when she loses the chief strategic routes of the Empire, and Germany and other Powers indulge in a wholesale tearing up of treaties which makes the scrap of paper of 1914 seem a trifle? Broadly, the reasons appear to be these. First, England, which used to be in a position to dictate to other people through her sea power, is now one of the most vulnerable countries to air attack. Mr. Baldwin has been creditably candid about this. He had told us that however much we increase our air force, however many precautions we take against aerial bombing, the bomber will always get through, and that the effect of a large-scale bombardment would be the total breakdown of administration and indeed of organised society. Here, indeed, is a good reason for a cautious foreign policy, and we give Mr. Baldwin full credit for being determined at almost any cost to keep this country out of war. Our trouble is that his type of pacifism has already destroyed the one security we had against war, encouraged Fascist aggression and made more probable a war in which a far more strenuous type of pacifism is scarcely likely to keep us neutral.

Secondly, Mr. Baldwin has been able to surrender so many British interests abroad, because of a novel grouping of British opinion. The Left, which saw in the League the one hope of preventing war, was prepared to take risks for peace which the Right was not. The whole League idea is anathema to Conservatism, and interests for which Conservatives have been willing to risk British life and money on innumerable occasions in the past, and which they would have been willing to fight for to-day had they been presented in the familiar Imperialist form, were gaily given up because to defend them would have meant to support the League of Nations. British Conservatives still think of the League of Nations, not as a Treaty between ourselves and other Powers pledged to preserve the peace, but as a fussy old busy-body trying to dictate policy from outside. The notion that the League was the only practical method of defence for the British Empire as well as for the preservation of peace has not penetrated the Conservative mind.

Thirdly, and perhaps the most important of all, we must recognise the growing consciousness of a class division in society. The economic success of Russia is by example a menace to Western capitalism and it has been borne in upon many defenders of the existing order that democracy, if left to develop, will lead at some time or other to an effective popular demand for Socialism. Therefore on each occasion when Fascism attacks, the argument that Fascism, though unpleasant, is better than Bolshevism carries weight with the British upper class. In a letter which we publish in our correspondence columns this week, Mr. Keynes takes exception to our reference to "the obvious sympathy of the British Government with the Fascist Powers." The remark was made in the course of a comment on Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, and as such seems to us fully justified. Of course, the present British Government does not like Fascism and has excellent reasons for fearing the expansionist aims of Italy and Germany. But no one can have listened to Sir John Simon's apologies for Japanese aggression, or followed the course of the dispute with Mussolini, or watched British diplomacy at work over the Spanish rebellion without seeing that, though the British Government would have preferred a quiet life, it has in each case preferred Fascist success to the democratic cause. Let it be noted that since this rebellion broke out in Spain, not a single member of the National Government has condemned it, not a word has come of sympathy for the unfortunate Spanish people on whom General Franco has launched this ruthless war. No sentence has been uttered to justify Mr. Baldwin's recent declaration of faith in democracy or his determination "to show the world that the democracy of this old country can make up their minds, and be as resolute in will, as any dictatorship that ever existed." It is impossible to interpret Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, except as sympathetic to the rebels. He did not say: "This is a dangerous attack on democracy by the army clique which

has plunged Spain into civil war periodically during the nineteenth century and which is now supported, in defiance to all international law, by Germany and Italy. Nevertheless, much as we regret it, we must be cautious and deny the Spanish Government the help to which she is legally and morally entitled." He called it a fight of factions in Spain in which we were not directly concerned.

What moral is to be drawn by the parties of the Left from this withdrawal of British influence? The weakness of Imperialism need not worry them, but this attack on democracy is their concern, if not the Government's. Since the need is desperate, the Opposition should struggle with every ounce of energy it can muster, to see that this one-sided treaty of non-intervention is made into a reality. At present it is clearly no more than a farce. Lisbon, as a reliable *News Chronicle* reporter has seen for himself, is now the rebels' headquarters. War material for the rebels is entering in large quantities from Portugal, and it still remains dubious whether Portugal is to be effectively brought into the non-intervention pact. Until intervention is effective we should press for just as much help to go to the Spanish Government from France and Britain as goes to General Franco from Germany and Italy. That is the way of peace, not of war, for by that means Germany and Italy, which have already changed their tune, and which do not want war with Great Britain, may be induced to withdraw their support, while, if they continue to supply General Franco in spite of their promises, then the Blum Government will certainly be overridden by interventionist opinion in France with results that may really involve the gravest international complications.

The second lesson for the Left, when this crisis is over, is that it must reconsider its whole foreign policy. It may still continue to hope some day to build, as we have urged in this journal, an honest League of like-minded States, within the present League of quarrelling sovereignties. But clearly to talk of the collective system to-day is academic. The controversy between Mr. Keynes and "Socialist" in our correspondence columns originally sprang from our contention that preparation for war was only intelligible as part of a known foreign policy and that Labour was forced by its own past declarations to announce that it would not co-operate in rearming or fighting, unless the Government showed that it intended to stand by the Covenant of the League. To-day, with the tragic spectacle of Spain before its eyes, British Labour is surely in a position to say: "Here is Fascist aggression of the most terrible kind. We are prepared to run risks to save Spanish and French democracy and we believe the bold course is also the safest. We were prepared to run risks for the League and democracy. But if, after abandoning democracy as you have abandoned the League, if after allowing the democracies to be destroyed piecemeal and the world to be given up to Fascists, you then expect us to join in a fight for the remnants of the British Empire in some quarrel you muddle us into, we shall not be with you. Your policy was isolation when there were causes worth fighting for, and a good chance that if we honestly stuck to our obligations and our professions we should not have to fight at all. But now, in a hopelessly weak moral and strategic position, with our friends abandoned and all the values we cared for betrayed, it is our turn to be isolationists. We recall the words of Sir Samuel Hoare. Your cause will not be our concern."

FRANCE AND THE CRISIS

WITH his decree of August 24th, doubling the term of military service, Hitler has made another step towards the complete fulfilment of the programme contained in *Mein Kampf*. Even if one leaves aside the important auxiliary forces, Germany will now have an army of about a million men, which, with its technical equipment, and the industrial resources behind it, will be by far the most powerful military machine in Europe. "Will anybody dare to quarrel with Germany?" a French commentator asked. It was a significant first reaction to the news from Berlin. The implications of the question are clear: Germany will now be in a position—even more than before—to bully and blackmail the rest of Europe into almost anything; and if the bullying goes beyond that undefined and elastic limit that the word "almost" implies, it will mean war.

In the past, Hitler's "coups" have been carried out on Saturdays. British Ministers were away for the week-end; no decision could be taken until the Monday; and in the interval a complacent Sunday press created an all-to-the-good atmosphere in England. This time Mr. Eden, anticipating trouble, stayed in London for the week-end, and the Sunday press might have found some difficulty in welcoming Germany's new move. But the German "technique" changed. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday the ground was prepared by ferocious attacks on the U.S.S.R., which was represented as likely to start hostilities at any moment and to be the prime cause of the Spanish Civil War. Most Germans must by now believe that the trouble in Spain began with a Communist instead of a Fascist rebellion. On Monday morning we learned that Germany had nevertheless agreed to place an embargo on the export of arms to Spain; whereupon the evening papers in every capital of Europe were full of praise for Germany's "gesture of international solidarity." The *Temps* spoke of a *geste de bonne volonté de la part du Gouvernement du Reich*, and declared that the prospects of a non-intervention agreement were now excellent. And then, a few hours later, came the news that Germany had increased her army by 400,000 men. A neat little supplement to her "gesture of goodwill"! Nevertheless, the new "technique" was so effective that even several of the French papers gave their biggest headline to the arms embargo, and only a much smaller one to the new conscription decree.

It is only too clear from documents seized in Barcelona, as well as from her general attitude, that Germany has a finger, or a whole fist, in the Spanish pie. What her promised arms embargo will amount to in practice is still difficult to say—for signed agreements hold good only in so far as they are "useful to Germany." Apart from its obvious connection with the new army decree, the embargo may have been determined by a certain reluctance to come into conflict—at the present stage—with British interests in the Mediterranean; for British opinion is the only thing with which Germany still reckons to a certain—if diminishing—extent. And since Italy's "climb-down" on Friday, Germany was the only remaining obstacle in the way of a non-intervention agreement. And now Germany will obviously expect France and Britain to accept with gratitude and good grace her arms embargo, and without grumbling unduly about the conscription decree.

It is a matter of some speculation whether the progress of events in Spain had any effect first on Italy's, and then on Germany's, decision. Do they think that the rebels have lost, and are the wrong horse to back? Or have they, on the contrary, had time to supply the rebels with sufficient material to be fairly sure of their victory? Perhaps we shall know before long.

The position of the French Government in this international tangle has been desperately difficult. When the trouble started in Spain, the Blum Government was torn between the desire to see the Spanish Government win and the fear that the Spanish civil war would bring on an international war. Hence its non-intervention proposal. It was a desperately

bold proposal for a *Front Populaire* Government to make, for one has to realise the intense hatred of Fascism among the French working class, and its feeling of friendship and admiration for the Spanish workers and Spanish democracy. In proposing non-intervention the Blum Government was running the grave risk of a moral split between itself and the rank and file of its supporters. The proposal created consternation and great discontent among the Communists and Trade Unionists.

I remember a meeting at the Vélodrome d'Hiver in commemoration of Jaurès in the last week in July. Blum had come to speak of Jaurès. But the crowd was not interested: "Aeroplanes for Spain!" it shouted. "Aeroplanes for Spain! Will you send aeroplanes to Spain?" Blum did not answer. He finished his speech on Jaurès as best he could, and hurriedly left the hall. The people were disconcerted.

He was intensely worried, and his worry grew as Germany and Italy continued to send aeroplanes and munitions to the rebels, and to ignore his non-intervention proposal. During those days many people in France had visions of a rebel victory in Spain, the establishment of a Fascist dictatorship in the service of Germany, and a Fascist "encirclement" of France; and they felt that anything—even a war—would be better. Blum himself felt very strongly that a Fascist dictatorship in Spain would be "the end of everything"; but he was still determined to give his non-intervention plan a chance, in spite of the outcry in the Communist and Trade Union press that "sanctions were being applied to the lawful Spanish Government, while Italian and German Fascism was arming the rebels."

If the non-intervention plan succeeds, Blum will be well rewarded for what must have been weeks of agony. Pietro Nenni, the Italian Socialist, writing in the *Peuple* from Madrid on Sunday, said that while the Spanish workers deeply appreciated the sympathy of the French workers, they wished, above all, that the Fascist Governments would stop sending armaments to the rebels. *If this could be achieved, they said, the victory over Fascism in Spain would be assured.* The all-important question, therefore, is whether Italy's and Germany's undertakings will be carried out.

Even Jouhaux, the Trade Union leader, who had led the Left-wing campaign against "neutrality" which he declared to be "a dupes' game," began to feel, after Italy's acceptance of non-intervention, that there was much to be said for Blum's policy. "The French workman," he said at Lille last Sunday, "cannot remain neutral in this struggle; but we realise that the French Government must be careful to prevent Fascism from turning it into a European war."

The reactions of the French Right-wing papers to the Spanish civil war were very curious, especially until Italy's acceptance of neutrality. It was all strikingly reminiscent of their attitude to the Italian-Abyssinian conflict last year. Several of the papers were clearly in the pay of Italy; thus, the story of the Italian aeroplanes which, on their way to Spanish Morocco, had crashed in Algeria on July 30th, was condensed into three lines on an inside page. But bribery does not account for all the monstrosities that were to be found in the French reactionary papers: for their gloating and sadistic descriptions of how Communists were being shot down by the rebels; for the rapturous character sketches of Franco and Mola ("Franco," *Gringoire* wrote, "is a noble figure made of the same stuff as Lyautey"), and for their incredible Red atrocity stories.

The policy behind it all was sufficiently clear. Two months after their election débâcle the Spanish civil war had provided the Fascist elements in France with an undreamed of opportunity. They were not frightened of a "Fascist encirclement of France." They no doubt realised that it would reduce France to the position of a second class—a bad second-class—Power in Europe; but at least it would create a situation in France which, as *Vendredi*, the Left-wing weekly, put it, "would, two months ago, have seemed the height of all that was absurd, monstrous and inconceivable." This situation was one in which the French Fascist and pro-Fascist elements—and men like Laval and Doriot, with their anti-Soviet bias, and their preference for "direct talks"—could have claimed, with a certain degree of plausibility, that they were in a better position to speak on "equal terms" to France's neighbours (and so to save "at least" France from war) than any *Front Populaire* Government, with its out-of-date ideas on democracy, collective security and League co-operation. The attitude of the French Fascist elements towards the civil war in Spain makes it all the clearer that the Spanish Republicans (including the Anarchists and the Communists) are fighting the battle of democracy. If they lose, the French *Front Populaire* Government will, in all probability, be swept away; and France, the last stronghold of democracy on the Continent, may undergo changes which, as *Vendredi* said, "seemed monstrous and inconceivable two months ago."

Needless to add, the civil war in Spain and the general international situation that has resulted from it, have not increased confidence, and have not improved economic conditions in France. They have created a psychological and economic *malaise* in France which the Blum Government could not have foreseen in June, and which is not rendering its immense economic task any easier. ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, August 25th.

A LONDON DIARY

A FRIEND who was in Moscow in the summer of 1920, sends me some impressions of the children whom this revolution has now devoured. Those were the heroic days of endurance and struggle, for war still raged on the Polish front and Wrangel still held the Crimea. Lenin was ill and rarely visible, and Trotsky, the incarnation of the militant working-class, was every man's hero. At a meeting of the International (which Indians, Chinese and Frenchmen had reached at great peril across the blockade) the chief speakers were Trotsky, Zinoviev and Radek. "Trotsky," writes my friend, "impressed me as few orators since Jaurès have ever done. He looked the romantic and athletic soldier. He had a singularly pleasant and ringing voice. He talked easily, without clichés, and contrived to make his thrusts of a sure and deadly wit, without spoiling the grave, emotional effect of what he had to say. Zinoviev, on the contrary, struck me as a repulsive personality, feminine without grace, sly and probably cruel. I was tired after the effort of following Trotsky (for my Russian is limited) and I hardly listened to him. Then came Radek, talking in a harsh Yiddish accent, rough, ungraceful and undignified. But he had inexhaustible vitality and a rollicking sense of humour that delighted the audience. Of Trotsky I saw something at his Ministry. It was the only Commissariat that ran to time, and a most un-Russian air of military precision pervaded it. But the Commissar himself was reticent. It was to Radek that one went for the indiscreet truth. Squatting on a rug on the floor he would talk into the small hours of the morning in several languages by turn, quoting now Byron (whom he would declaim with gusto) and now Marx. He was the *gamin*, the *enfant terrible* of the revolution, but under all the Bohemian froth, there boiled an unbending spirit of militancy. I was to meet him again some years later at the head of the academy that trained Chinese propagandists."

* * *

"The Revolution in those days (save for the half-legendary figure of Lenin, fighting the consequences of his wound in the depths of the Kremlin) meant largely these three men. Zinoviev dominated Leningrad and ran the International. Kamenev, a genial, compromising figure, was important less for himself, than because he was the shadow and satellite of Lenin and of his brother-in-law, Trotsky. Of Bucharin also I saw a good deal. I thought him the straightest and most upright member of the group. He was the doctrinaire, the master of Marxist theory, and he had a reputation for inflexible orthodoxy. When he did afterwards get into trouble, what he was accused of was 'a deviation to the Right.' If I can

trust my sense for character, I find it absolutely incredible that Trotsky, Radek or Bucharin should have stooped to the plots of which they stand accused. For Zinoviev or Kamenev I would not go bail, but I think they lacked the courage to conspire against the omnipotent Stalin."

* * *

The Communist Party is still a long way from knowing anything about British psychology. Individually, intelligent Communists are a good deal worried about this Moscow trial—the more so because it has given so strong a weapon to the opponents of the "popular front." But the *Daily Worker*, which has recently become a much more serious organ of opinion with a greatly increased sale, heads its leaderette, "Shoot the Reptiles," and never even recalls that the "reptiles" of to-day were its heroes of yesterday—men who played great parts in the Revolution—and that those who shoot them to-day may be themselves shot as reptiles at the next turn of the wheel. As a piece of tactics, however, what are we to say of people who are working for a popular front in this country and who yet feature on the front page of their paper (*Daily Worker*, August 24th) the story of Sir Walter Citrine and others sending off the Medical Aid Unit to Spain and in a parallel column a news item from Moscow headed, "Citrine sides with Traitors"? The substance of this column was that an appeal had been sent to the Soviet Government from the Second International and the International Federation of Trade Unions pleading for mercy for Zinoviev and his fellow prisoners and urging that they should have a proper defence. Citrine's crime on this occasion was that he had signed this moderate and reasonable request!

* * *

The Rothermere press has outdone its own disgusting record. Its stories, unsupported by facts and coming vaguely from Lisbon or from dubious refugees from the terror, have been taken up by the Catholic press and turned into the basis for demands for a Christian crusade in which the Moors are to be the instruments for Christianising Spain. Stories of crucifixions, eyes gouged out and the rest are familiar. They date from the martyrologies which misguided evangelical parents used to give children to read on Sunday afternoons. The *Daily Mail* perhaps reached its climax on August 17th when its special correspondent, with the "anti-red forces in Badajoz" gave a long account of the capture of the city by patriots without saying anything of the cold-blooded slaughter of something up to 2,000 defenders of the city. On the next day there were stories of men and women soaked in petrol and burnt alive and a priest with his foot cut off by a hatchet (compare the famous undiscovered child whose hands were cut off during the last war.) Saturday's issue collapsed into sheer burlesque. Under headlines "Red Beauty Queen tortures 28 Nuns," the Mail's special correspondent from Lisbon described a woman named "Miss Moron" (from the town of Moron, near Seville). After a completely incredible story of how this "infamous beauty" jeered at nuns who were "subjected to inconceivable tortures by relays of Red maniacs," she was finally, according to the *Daily Mail*, captured and shot.

> But her maniacal fury endured to the end. Witnesses stated that as she faced the firing party she shook her clenched fist and shouted her favourite Marxist slogan: "Children. . . No! Husbands. . . . Yes!"

Now I wonder which of the voluminous works of Marx this remarkable slogan comes from?

* * *

An interesting little example of Rothermere methods reaches me from a Roman Catholic priest, who received some weeks ago (when the *Mail* was organising a recruiting drive through the Clergy) a pre-paid wire from the Editor of the *Daily Mail* asking for a "comment in twenty words on the slogan, *Patriotism is the truest Internationalism.*" He sent twenty words that did not fit the *Daily Mail's* policy. Of these, twelve were selected for publication in such a way that his message was rendered quite meaningless and innocuous from the *Daily Mail's* point of view. We can now understand the significance of the *Daily Mail's* present boast that it has received (as if spontaneously) "many hundreds of telegrams expressing the warm appreciation and support of the Roman Catholic priesthood throughout Britain and the Irish Free State for its campaign against the Spanish Reds' attack on Christianity."

* * *

A friend, a historian by profession, tells me that he expects a world war to break out about a year from now. He has been convinced by reading Mr. R. C. K. Ensor's remarkable book, *England*, 1870–1914, that the German general staff deliberately chose August, 1914, for the last war, and he urges with obvious point, that such a deliberate choice is even more likely in present conditions. Ensor quotes a number of seldom-noticed documents and argues that the German General Staff had long thought August, 1914, the most suitable moment because (*a*) it was the season when the German Army was at the maximum strength of trained men, and which left sufficient time to defeat Russia before winter, provided that the Schlieffen plan for crushing France in six weeks was a success. By August (*b*) a widening of the Kiel Canal would have been completed. It was calculated (*c*) that France, owing to the new law increasing the period of service from two years to three, would be much stronger by August, 1915. He adds (*d*) a number of financial considerations. By June of 1914 the last instalment had been collected of a capital levy of 1,000 million marks for non-recurring military purposes. He urges that Germany was deterred at the time of the Agadir crisis in 1911 by a financial panic and a run on the banks, while in May, 1914, steps were taken to amass gold by collecting foreign debts. By July the gold supply in the Reichsbank was a record for Germany.

The parallel to-day is obvious enough. Germany is still in the Agadir stage; there was a slump on the bourse when she made a fuss about the Kamerun incident. It was followed at once by a conciliatory tone in regard to Spain, a terrific propaganda against Russia, a vast increase in the militarisation of youth and a doubling of the military service period (again to forestall France) and there is already talk of a capital levy. Allowing for the speeding up under a dictatorship, he deduces that the summer of 1937 is the chosen date.

* * *

I have heard two comments from people associated with the British team that went to the Olympic Games. The first was that England is now almost the only country represented by athletes who are genuinely amateurs. They hold that in the circumstances the British team did well: a man who works at a City office in the day and runs or jumps in his spare time can scarcely expect to win against "professional gladiators." The second comment was that the correspondence of members of the British (and presumably other teams) was regularly opened by the German authorities.

* * *

Outside the pub were two perambulators obviously containing all the household necessities for a family. Inside the pub was an elderly man with very blue eyes drinking beer and a pleasant looking woman neatly dressed and wearing an apron. Sitting on the steps of the pub was a small boy who would be four years old, his mother said, next January. He had a large glass of ginger beer by his side, a lump of cake in his hand, and in his mouth a lighted pipe. While his father told me the story of his life—an exciting account of his career as a diver, fishing up corpses from wrecks—the small boy finished his pipe and passed it to his mother, who filled it with his father's tobacco, lighted it and returned it to the child's mouth. "Yes," said his father, "that boy began smoking when he was 18 months. He was troubled with his teeth and it soothed him. He had something wrong with his liver soon afterwards and I asked the doctor about it. I told him he had taken to smoking, and the doctor said it was the

best cure out, so I've let him go on ever since. I sometimes thought he'd get sick, but I have tried him with twist and shag and the strongest things going and he loves it." The boy himself said nothing at all. He looked ineffably contented and puffed away like an old stager. Every now and then he took the pipe out of his mouth to spit expertly to right or left.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss Kemp.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The more countries fight, the better for the British Empire. We shall then be able to develop our trade with whatever countries are not fighting.—Mr. C. G. Grey in the *Aeroplane.*

Surely everyone knows that the most remarkable thing about this great Empire is the fact that nearly all of our overseas possessions literally fell into our lap, and in many cases were acquired with the greatest reluctance.—Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, in a letter to *Royal Central Asian Society Journal.*

She came to me saying she was black and blue and that her husband was throwing the past at her.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Father Woodlock, of the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, W., spoke at the Modern Churchmen's Conference at Oxford last night on the omnipotence of God. Referring to the question which was sometimes asked during the war as to why God did not stop it, he said that possibly God could not stop it in the sense that His wisdom had made it impossible for Him to do so.—*Daily Express.*

It will seem strange to see Fulke Walwyn's name without the prefix "Mr.," but his friends will like him none the less.—*Evening Standard.*

Delegates are reminded that Continental ideas of breakfast are peculiar.—*International Peace Congress Leaflet.*

I have a strong feeling that I want to live the life of "Tarzan," to live in the woods on my own. My friends can't believe me when I tell them that I have spent a Bank Holiday climbing trees. I tell them they will never understand.

To be swaying in the tree-tops in the dead of night is a thing I have experienced on no less than three occasions. My only regret is that I cannot live in the trees.—Letter in *Pearson's Weekly.*

It is now revealed that while the King and his guests were dining last night on the terrace of a small restaurant in Dubrovnik, a waiter approached the King and begged from him a match as a souvenir. The King gave the waiter a whole box of British matches.—*Daily Mirror.*

CHILDREN AND UNEMPLOYMENT ASSISTANCE

THE storm of protest in Parliament and elsewhere over the Means Test has obscured the very grave defects among other regulations of the Unemployment Assistance Board, which have unfortunately been allowed to pass virtually unchallenged. And yet there can be little doubt but that it is these which will involve the worst hardships, as they relate to those families who, while having several dependent children, have no alternative sources of income.

It is with respect to these families that the Unemployment Assistance scales do not fulfil the Government's oft-repeated promises that the allowances should at least be adequate to satisfy the requirements of healthy physical subsistence. It is true that the new regulations present some improvement over the old. The value of school meals is to be disregarded in assessing the family resources; the 1*s.* reduction in the allowance is to be cancelled in the case of members of a family over five, and so on.

Nevertheless, in the case of families with two or more dependent children the discrepancy is still glaring between the rates of the Unemployment Assistance Board and those of any recent scientific estimate of minimum requirements of food, clothing, cleaning and lighting. Thus, whereas in a normal case an industrial worker, his wife and three children between ten and one year old are to get 35*s.* a week under the Unemployment Assistance Board, at least another 4*s.* 2*d.* would be required to give them the minimum of food declared necessary by the British Medical Association, and other essentials estimated according to the well-known Merseyside Survey.

The discrepancy increases with the number of children, so that with the 42*s.* 6*d.* payable to a family with five dependent children, a discrepancy of more than 9*s.* appears as compared with the "primary needs" standard. And it must not be forgotten that "primary needs" excludes everything that is not absolutely necessary to physical health—fares, newspapers, club subscriptions, personal and household sundries—all are omitted though there are probably no families which are not in fact prepared to sacrifice even food that these may be obtained.

The Unemployment Assistance Board is responsible altogether for something like 840,000 children; of these it is estimated that more than 600,000 are from families with two or more children. The majority of these in their turn come from families with no other resources, and are inevitably deprived of what is necessary for a healthy existence; Sir John Orr, in his recent survey, has pointed out that where families spend less than 4*s.* a head on food the average diet is deficient in every constituent examined—in calories, in protein, in fat, in minerals and in vitamins.

It is tragic that the new scales should perpetuate rates for children which are bound to lead to malnutrition with all its evil results, direct and indirect; and this in spite of the growing realisation of the need for adequate nourishment, especially for children, young adults and expectant mothers.

Already as regards health, alertness, height and weight, children from poor homes fall below those more fortunately placed, while the death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis for young adults in the distressed areas has jumped up during the last few years in a most significant and distressing manner, and this in spite of a general decrease from this disease in similar age groups in other more prosperous parts of the country.

What can now be done? There is no hope of changing the regulations for some considerable time to come—and there is not a great deal which can be suggested for the young adult until the provision of cheap supplies of foodstuffs and milk is considered one of the functions of government.

But for the child, especially the school-child, and also for the expectant and nursing mother, local authorities have the power to help if only they have the will. As school meals are no longer to be regarded as part of the family's resources, there is here a fine opportunity to supplement inadequate scales by providing school meals. It is not always realised how few are the number of children who receive school dinners—not more than 100,000 on an average on any one day out of the 5,000,000 school children.

This is largely due either to the total lack of provision—800,000 children live in areas where no school dinners at all are provided—or what is even more important—to the lowness of the income limit before free meals are allowed.

I was told by a school medical officer in a small Lancashire town, that out of 36 children a special medical examination had shown to be under-nourished, only three were actually receiving school dinners; since the parents of the others could not afford to pay what was asked.

As regards milk, it is true that 2½ million school children are

having cheap milk, and a comparatively small number free milk. But the amount drunk is only one-third of a pint, and —except in a few instances—given only on school days. Even in comparatively prosperous London nearly a quarter of the children who are not having milk give poverty as the reason, while others do not like milk, having had little opportunity in their own homes of becoming accustomed to it. Some 25 per cent. of the unemployed in certain areas never have fresh milk at all, and in countless other homes it can only be afforded for tea and puddings. If, however, the provision of free meals and milk were to be made universal for all those children whose parents are unemployed—or, we would like to add, whose earnings are too low to provide an adequate diet for their children—much of the malnutrition which is bound to arise in homes with several children entirely dependent on Unemployment Insurance or Assistance could be obviated.

With regard to mothers and children under five, action can also be taken by local health authorities; no figures exist as to the number having free milk in this way, but they do not appear to be a large number. We suggest that free milk should be given to all under fives and expectant and nursing mothers in families where the chief wage earner is unemployed or under-paid, so as to minimise the under-nourishment which is otherwise inevitable in their case, also.

That some mothers may be bad housekeepers is true; but enough fuel and adequate cooking utensils are not easy to obtain in the unemployed household. Even a perfect housewife cannot make bricks without straw, and if imperfect there is all the more reason why the school or local health authority should supplement her efforts in order that her children may not suffer.

EVA M. HUBBACK,
Vice-Chairman of the Children's Minimum Council

BLOCKADES AND THE LAW

IN normal circumstances no state has the right to search or divert the ships of another on the high seas. Upon this general proposition are based the British and German protests against the recent stopping of their ships. But though the general proposition is clear it is subject to so many qualifications that it is not at all certain if either Germany or Britain is right in law in opposing the Spanish blockade of the rebel ports.

In the first place, within Spanish territorial waters there can be no doubt that the Spanish Government have the right to stop ships bound for Spanish ports, and there is no certainty as to the extent of these territorial waters.

The classical writers on International Law held that every state had a right to those waters bordering on its shores which it could effectively control from the land. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries this was fixed as all waters within one marine league of the coast, this distance, equivalent to three and a half land miles, being considered the maximum range of a cannon. But this rule has never been universally accepted. Norway claims four miles and Russia and the States of South America twelve. The weight of judicial opinon has been in favour of extending the limit to keep pace with the progress of gunnery and in 1894 the Institute of International Law passed a resolution in favour of a six-mile limit. Spain and Italy have for some time claimed this to be the established distance and during the last war Italian territorial waters were acknowledged as extending to the six miles claimed.

So far as the present incident is concerned the extent of the limit is immaterial as the ships were in any case more than six miles from shore. But the point is of importance because, if the Spanish Government is in future to be restricted to a three-mile limit, it will make it impossible to conduct a blockade of the rebel ports in face of modern arms.

There are, however, a number of precedents which suggest that quite apart from the question of the extent of the limit, the Spanish Government was justified in stopping foreign ships upon the high seas, provided they were in fact maintaining an effective blockade of the rebel ports.

In 1891 there was a rising in Chili, at first almost solely confined to the Navy. The British Government refused to recognise the insurgent fleet as belligerents, but the rebels nevertheless declared a blockade of the loyal ports. There was in Chilian waters a British squadron sufficiently powerful to overawe the rebel ships, but the British Government held that if any adequate blockade existed in fact, whether or not the blockaders were recognised as belligerents, it would be improper for the British fleet to break the blockade. One British steamer, the *Arica*, with a cargo of bullocks was diverted to a rebel port. The British Government's protests were confined to arguing that as bullocks were not contraband the master of the ship should not be compelled to unload them in a rebel port but might take them to some other port which was not blockaded. Yet at this time no state of war was acknowledged to exist and the British Government had refused to use the Foreign Enlistment Act to prevent the Chilian Government recruiting a battleship crew in England.

It has long been a principle of International Law that where a rebellion in fact exists the acknowledged government cannot by proclamation close the ports in the hands of the rebels, even though the latter are not recognised as belligerents, although in peace time there is nothing to prevent a government closing whatever ports it wishes. But this is a very different thing from saying that unless a state of war exists a government may not blockade insurgent ports, and in fact during the Moroccan campaign of 1925 France and Spain blockaded the Riff coast although Abd-el-Krim was never recognised as a belligerent.

If the view of the law taken by Britain in the Chilian civil war is correct, then if a blockade exists in fact, it must be respected unless presumably the blockaders are to be regarded merely as pirates. If this is the right view of the law and at the time of the Chilian civil war it was accepted by other countries, then British and German governments are wrong in protesting against the stopping of their ships.

On the other hand, if the Spanish Government is only justified in blockading rebel ports if a state of war exists, then there is considerable evidence to show that the British Government have already treated the Spanish Government as a belligerent and are therefore bound to accord Spain all belligerent rights. For unless the loyal forces are regarded as belligerents the British Government cannot justify the stopping of Spanish Government ships passing through English territorial waters but not proceeding to an English port nor can they justify the internment of a loyal seaplane and its crew.

A statement from the Foreign Office of the principles upon which the British Government are acting would do much to clear the air.

BARRISTER

THE HONESTY BOX

HONESTY, it is clear, is not going to be encouraged in London. The London Passenger Transport Board has set its face against the installation of honesty boxes in trams and buses. This, despite the fact that the honesty box has been a great success in Glasgow, the city of its origin. In Glasgow, where there are halfpenny fares, it was found that during the rush hour people often arrived at their destination and got out of the tram before the conductor had collected their fares. The authorities, believing the best of their fellow-citizens, took it for granted that these people sincerely desired to pay their fares—that they did not go home with beaming faces to boast of another bawbee saved from a tram-conductor. Hence the decision to provide money-boxes into which the passenger could drop his undemanded halfpenny, thus preserving his conscience from slow atrophy.

The result has been a sad blow to the cynical, who have always maintained that it is one of the strongest instincts of human nature to cheat a transport company whenever possible.

How many people, they ask, have the slightest twinge of conscience about travelling first-class on a third-class ticket? How many of them would regard it as wrong to give someone else the return half of an excursion ticket marked "non-transferable"? How many would feel in honour bound to search for a bus-conductor in order to pay him a fare before dismounting? The experience of Glasgow suggests that the answer to questions of this kind is, "Millions." Men, women, and children are tripping over each other round the money-boxes in an orgy of mass-honesty. To this the cynic may reply that this is all very well as regards Glasgow, where human nature has been repressed and perverted by training in the Shorter Catechism, but that, in the freer atmosphere of the south, where human nature is allowed to develop along natural lines, the ordinary man would feel no such scruples about riding in a tram free of charge. Here, again, the cynic would be making a generalisation without troubling about the evidence. For, as it happens, honesty boxes were installed in a southern town, Bournemouth, a week or so ago, and they have already collected £8 16*s.* 8*d.*—equal to 2,120 penny fares. Thus even in the relaxing air of a southern seaside resort—relaxing, I mean, in the sense that holiday-makers are naturally in a more self-indulgent mood than usual and, therefore, more likely to go joy-riding on trams—we find that human beings cannot help being virtuous and that the old idea that the ordinary man's main object in life is to get something for nothing is utterly baseless.

Londoners, I think, will feel a little resentful at being denied the opportunity to prove that they are at least the moral equals of the inhabitants of Glasgow and the visitors to Bournemouth. The London Passenger Transport Board may be of the opinion that the cost of putting an honesty box in every tram and bus would be greater than the amount likely to be collected for a long time. But this matter ought to be settled by ethical, not by book-keeping, considerations. Consider the effect these honesty boxes would have on the character of the inhabitants of a great city. Never would one of us mount a bus without being reminded that honesty, if not the best policy, is a virtue to which even the meanest of us can attain at the cost of a penny. I should like to see the boxes installed, each bearing the inscription in gold letters: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." With what enthusiasm we should then send our pennies clattering into the boxes, each of us feeling as proud as a Boy Scout doing his day's good deed. A universal competition in honesty would begin, and even the City crook, grown old in robbing the widow and orphan, would be shamed into dropping his penny into the gold-lettered box.

In time, I fancy, it would be discovered that there is nothing that man desires more than to be allowed to be voluntarily virtuous. It is because honesty is so often obligatory that it is so widely unpopular. In our present civilisation there is an element of compulsion in our paying for things that jars on a sensitive nature. I know that if I do not pay my coal-merchant what I owe him, he will first dun me and then sue me. It is the same with my grocer, my haberdasher, my shoemaker, and my tailor. In no case is it left to myself to show that I can be honest of my own free will. There are always sanctions in the background—a veiled threat of intervention on the part of the law. Hence, I have no particular feeling of virtue when I pay my bills. Even the greatest rogue and cheat is occasionally compelled to pay a bill. Let the element of compulsion be removed, however, and it will quickly be made clear which of us is the honest man and which is the rogue and cheat. If I am as honest as I think I am, my moral muscles will be given exercise and will grow stronger as a result of it. And not only mine, but my neighbour's. Loosed from the bonds of compulsion our characters would rapidly develop, and by the end of a generation the world would be populous with men of the stamp of Aristides and George Washington.

Most shopkeepers, I imagine, would shrink from the experiment of making bill-paying voluntary. They imagine that such an experiment would involve them in ruin. But would it? Suppose that Messrs. Lyons announced that the cashier's desk would be abolished in one of their teashops and that it would be left to the honour of customers to pay for what they had by dropping money into a box. Would there be a serious diminution of profits as a result of this? Or would the customers compete in paying up like the Glasgow tram-riders? I know one coffee-shop where no bills are given and where it is left to the customer to tell the girl at the door what he has consumed and to pay her according to his own estimate. If human beings were mainly dishonest, this coffee-shop could not possibly have survived. Customers would vie with each other in cheating it out of the price of a roll—perhaps, even of a boiled egg. Nothing of the sort has happened, however. The coffee-shop prospers.

I know that I am going against the spirit of the times in urging that men should have greater freedom. This is an age of increasing compulsions. In many countries even the tips that we give hotel-servants and waiters are compulsory. This is supposed to increase the manly self-respect of the hotel-servant and the waiter. It has often puzzled me to discover why a waiter should feel more manly self-respect when he forces me to give him a shilling than when he accepts a shilling from me as a free-will offering. If compulsory tips strengthen the character of waiters, it seems to me that the logical conclusion is that we should introduce compulsory Christmas presents as a means of strengthening the character of children. We may end by making all the virtues—honesty, charity, and so forth—compulsory, and then we may discover that they have ceased to be virtues.

I often think that it is the element of compulsion in tax-paying that makes taxes so repellent to the ordinary man. No one, I am sure, grudges money to the State that does so much to make his life tolerable. Most of us have the sense to know that the State will spend our money much more wisely and much more usefully than we should spend it ourselves. At the same time, when the State thrusts its hand into our pockets and makes off with its booty with no sign of realising that it is deeply indebted to us we have a sense of grievance. Why not abolish compulsion from taxation, and let us have forms sent in, estimating what the State thinks we could afford to pay, and inviting us, instead of ordering us, to pay it? I like money to be wheedled out of me good-naturedly rather than forced out of me by threats. If voluntary contributions were substituted for compulsory taxes, I have no doubt that there would be a revolutionary change in the popular attitude to the Income Tax. There would be vast and enthusiastic gatherings of Income Tax payers, each glorying in making a larger contribution to the State than his neighbour. There is a profound pleasure in giving away money recklessly, and the State has never taken advantage of this. And, because of this unintelligent attitude of the State there is scarcely any pleasure in paying Income Tax at all.

Man is naturally a cheerful giver, as the success of the honesty boxes in Glasgow proves. Why should the Chancellor of the Exchequer continue to blind himself to this significant fact?

Y. Y.

HOME TRUTHS FROM SPAIN

"If politics get into the hands of extremist fanatics, then the bullet and the bomb take the place of the ballot box. Let us . . . in the British Empire have none of this political barbarism."—Sir S. Hoare.

When the First Lord reprimands the Spanish storm
With a shudder of ineffable disdain,
As a foreign factions' breach of proper form,
(Phenomenon against the British grain)
He tacitly repudiates a debt
Which even Tory Ministers must owe,
But a man who can't remember
What he promised last September
May well forget three hundred years ago.

Now only Reds are citizens-at-arms,
It's not the really British thing to strike,
But once from England's mills and looms and farms
Rose levies armed with musket and with pike.
The liberties we all may keep or lose
Fanatical extremists brought to pass ;
It took quite a revolution
To impose the Constitution,
With some sacrifice of priests and old stained glass.

How else did Downing Street become the State ?
How was the Act of Settlement brought off ?
Wrongs were not always righted in debate,
At lunch, or during quiet games of golf.
If it weren't for the Cromwells and the Pyms,
The Hampdens and the Iretons of the Wars,
If it weren't for the Roundheads,
We'd be governed by the crowned heads,
Instead of by the Baldwins and the Hoares !
The Chamberlains, the Simons,
The Edens and Duff-Coopers,
The Churchills and the Baldwins and the Hoares !

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

NOT OUR CONCERN

SIR,—A recent visit to Paris has left me with an acute sense of the dangerous effects of the Spanish Civil War on the defence position of this country. The obvious fact that the Spanish rebellion took place with the encouragement and connivance of Hitler and Mussolini, and is now being waged with their active help, leads one to the following conclusions.

I. If the rebels win, the following results may be expected :

(*a*) Spain will become a Fascist State effectively controlled by Italy and Germany.

(*b*) This will mean the final abandonment of the Mediterranean by Britain, and the establishment of Italian and German air and naval power on the Atlantic coast.

(*c*) France will have to divert a considerable part of her armed forces to her new and third Fascist frontier on the Pyrenees. This will so weaken France on the Rhine that Britain's defence position will be critically worsened.

(*d*) A Fascist rebellion in France is probable—many shrewd observers think it certain if the Spanish Government is beaten. Even if suppressed, this will lead to a still greater weakening of France as a military power. If not quickly suppressed it may lead to intervention by Italy and Germany and so to a general European war.

II. The support of the Spanish rebels by Hitler and Mussolini is not an isolated act of sympathy with the Fascists of Spain, but is a part of a deliberate plan to destroy the remains of European democracy by striking first at its weakest link. The next attack will be on France ; success there will leave England friendless and nearly defenceless as the last victim.

III. If the Madrid Government wins, Spain is likely to become a Socialist, but not a Communist State, and will be a sincere supporter of the collective security system.

If these facts and probabilities have been fairly and calmly estimated, as I believe them to have been, then the prevalent attitude that the outcome of the civil war is no concern of ours is difficult to understand, unless this view is to be taken as a cloak for a complete defeatism as to the possibility of ever checking the Fascisation of Europe. But if it is not the intention of the Government to abandon this country along with the rest of Europe to the domination of Italian Fascism and German Nazism, then clearly they will have to be opposed by all the influence and the force of the remaining democratic countries of Europe. But this, if left to the last minute, with Spain Fascist and France weakened, will lead to certain defeat.

Perhaps these unpleasant probabilities are so repugnant that it may be thought better to deny them. But can it be expected that others, whose judgment is perhaps less warped by timidity, will not comment, as did a French colleague, that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad ?

P. M. S. BLACKETT

34 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

INDIA AND SPAIN

SIR,—Spain is so far away from India that it is unlikely that the mass of my compatriots are greatly interested in its civil war.

A few, however, realise that its outcome will affect the future of India, though Indian nationalists must regard the Spanish question with very mixed feelings. Though Spain is an independent State, the economic condition of its people is not very unlike that of the people of India, and Indian sympathies therefore naturally lie with the popular government. But if the cause of democracy should meet with a reverse, and the rebels succeed in establishing a Fascist dictatorship, the ultra-nationalists in India cannot be altogether sorry. They will be quick to realise that a Fascist Spain will further undermine the British position in the Mediterranean.

The truth of this statement is obvious. Fascist Spain will be supported by Italy and Germany, as events have already amply demonstrated. These countries will draw Spain into line with their striving for a balance of power. She will need to be strong to keep down her own masses as well as to take effective part in the European war which seems to be drawing ever closer. Following the industrial breakdown inevitable after her present troubles —a breakdown for which Fascism has no adequate remedy—she will be driven to distract the attention of her citizens from their internal difficulties by creating grievances against other nations. A strong government with " grievances " will soon adopt the role of a " have-not " nation against the " haves."

Following the current political slogan of " haves " and " have-nots," it is clear that a Fascist government in Spain will have much to say of Spain's glorious past, and her present need for expansion—the usual, all too familiar precursors of an imperialist crusade.

It is paradoxical, but true, that nationalist India, peaceable though it is, shows little enthusiasm for world pacifism. The reason is simple : in a world conflagration in which Great Britain is involved, it sees a hope of emancipation. Britain's adversity is India's opportunity. In the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, Indian sympathies were overwhelmingly on the side of the victimised coloured people, whose plight was a reminder of Indian humiliations. But in the midst of their sadness, the nationalists are secretly rejoicing—secretly, because freedom of speech is quite as effectively muzzled as if Great Britain were not a democratic power—at the thought that the route to India is weakened.

For the same reason, Indians in their dream of liberation, will seek consolation in a Fascist Spain, which to all liberal-minded people must appear a grave misfortune.

A short time ago (August 9th) there was a piece of Exchange news from Calcutta which is of some interest. The message reads :

> Details of a widespread revolutionary plot are reported to have been unearthed by the Bengal Government. The plans aim at the recruitment of labourers, peasants and students for the fostering of rebellion as soon as Britain is involved with a " foreign power."
>
> This " foreign power " is not named, but it is said to have agreed to supply arms and ammunition to the plotters.

Now, anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with British politics will at once realise that this " unnamed power " can certainly not be the U.S.S.R., for in that case, the Indian Government would have been only too delighted to expose it. Suspicion therefore falls on those nations whose interests lie counter to those of the British Empire, and who are powerful and daring enough to twitch the tail of the British lion. It is not at all difficult to narrow the field to three possibilities. But an increase in the number of Fascist " have-not " powers will certainly add to such potential fomenters of revolt in India. A Fascist Spain, for instance, might easily become one.

In these circumstances, it is beyond all rational conjecture how the British Government can be so blind to their own imperial interests. So soon after the Italian and German rebuffs, they have in the Spanish question again weakened their position by prohibiting the sale of arms to a friendly government. Moreover, by their show of impartiality, they are directly encouraging the rebels, who are out to establish a Fascist regime. The only explanation can be that they have still no intelligible foreign policy, but are hopping about like chickens with their heads off, squawking in purely mechanical reflex to the stimuli of expressions like " European entanglement " and " Reds."

Indian patriots may think they have much to gain from this state of affairs They feel that in the coming tug-of-war, Britain will have to give India more and more real power, culminating in Dominion status, as an inducement to Indians to support her

If she should prove herself too short-sighted to do this, she will run the serious risk of losing India altogether. But, on the other hand, if democracy fails in Spain, then Fascism will gain so firm a foothold in the world that it will be long years before democracy ventures to raise its head again. Even in a freed India, there is every likelihood that in such circumstances the power would pass into Fascist hands, for in India, too, Fascist ideology is spreading.

This is a possibility which Indian lovers of democracy would do well to remember. K. P. GHOSH

THE SPANISH REBELLION

SIR,—May I say how despicable I consider your whole tone and attitude to the Spanish Civil War? Fortunately there are many thousands of well-informed and educated people in England who know how to judge a government by its allies, as one can judge a man by his friends. It is a fine "government" which goes hand-in-hand with loathsome degenerates such as the Moscow clique in Barcelona and Madrid which outrages nuns and drags corpses out of graves to play with. I sincerely trust that Lord Listowel, who has already once made an ass of himself by interfering on the side of the degenerates in Spain, will this time (should he dare go there) meet his deserts!

Needless to say I have only picked up your effusion in an hotel lounge. P. R. BUTLER, Lt.-Col. (Retd.)

Crown Hotel,
Blandford Forum, Dorset.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—I am obliged to "A Socialist" for his further explanations. He holds "that the situation is already so grave as to require the most drastic action, even including a nation-wide refusal to work, or to fight, or to pay taxes in case of war," unless the Government forthwith adopts a foreign policy which would involve our giving military guarantees throughout Europe, a policy which not even the Opposition have recommended. This is the most practical advice he can give to resolve our problems. Surely it is impossible that there can really be such a person as "A Socialist"! I disbelieve in his existence.

Nevertheless, this impotent and foolish talk does harm, for it brings the better side into disrepute. And I feel the same, Sir, when in the first *Comment* of the week you speak of "the obvious sympathy of the British Government with the Fascist Powers." You cannot really believe that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden sympathise with Hitler and Mussolini. You probably mean that they are not opposing the Fascist Powers as firmly as you think they should. If I were on the other side, I should welcome as excellent inverted propaganda your efforts to make out that there is not much to choose between Mr. Baldwin and Lord Rothermere, and that the general tendencies of this country are so clearly pro-Fascist that it would be better to have no navy. It is because I accept so many of your criticisms that I deplore this perverse and defeatist view of public opinion.

For, whilst I support the Government's policy (as, I believe, you do) of attempting to secure a general ban on intervention in Spain, I agree with you in wishing that there had been some clearer declaration of where this country's sympathies stand, or ought to stand. I agree with you that our cowardly and misguided policy during the Abyssinian War has done almost irreparable harm. I agree with you that our interest and our safety and our duty alike require that we should consolidate friendly and confidential relations with France and Russia; though, as I have said before, I think that Mr. Baldwin is wise to break down no bridges and to avoid clear-cut alignments. I agree with you that we should consult with all other Powers how to restore collective security; though I take a more pessimistic view of this than you seem to, believing that brigandage has now gone so far that it is impossible for the time being to depend on rules of law or on promises relating to hypothetical cases. But I am dismayed when I find these views, which command a wide general support, muddled up with cries that the Labour Party should engineer "drastic action" unless the Government makes military commitments which not even the Labour Party has yet supported; that this country's rearmament should be obstructed because it will probably be used to help Hitler; and that this Government has gone Fascist. Remember that the country loves peace more than it hates Fascism; and in this respect Mr. Baldwin represents the great majority. No party will gain power here if it gets to be generally believed that peace comes second in its programme.

The fatal dilemma arises precisely because the Fascist Powers are readier to go to war for their objects than we are for ours. That is the fact not to be shirked, which makes a clear-cut policy impossible and provides those Powers with unsurpassable opportunities to bluff. I see no possible reply except to build a navy enormously superior to those of the potential adversaries, without committing ourselves either to use or not to use it—not that I consider this reply satisfactory; and meanwhile to conduct our day-to-day foreign policy free from concealment of our sympathies and with more dignity and candour than of late, but still attempting, however vainly and with however small a hope, to unite Europe and not to divide it. J. M. KEYNES

[We refer to this letter in our leading article this week.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—We need a People's Front uniting all the progressive forces of the country as much as, if not more, than France needed it. If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that there is no alternative Government to the National Government at the present time, because the reactionary elements are united, whereas the "Left" political forces are at sixes and sevens. If we frankly admit that there is no prospect of a Socialist majority for many years to come, what is to happen in the meantime? Is the National Government to be permitted to betray the League of Nations until, defeated and discredited, it ceases to count as an instrument of peace? Is this government of "sealed lips" by its inactivity, its impotence and its lack of conviction to be allowed to encourage the aggressive forces of Fascism to encroach further upon the liberties of other countries?

This is the danger of the present situation. Because the progressive forces are not united, the reactionaries have a guaranteed majority for some time to come.

Fascism menaces our very civilisation. It is taking full advantage of the divisions in the democratic forces to extend its sphere of influence. The Popular Front in France has shown how the initiative can return to the democratic forces. The Popular Front in Spain has further shown how a military rebellion, supported illegally by elements in Germany and Italy, can be held at bay by a people who have been inspired by the spectacle of a united democracy.

We need a People's Front if for no other reason than to give a death sentence to the present National Government. A People's Front government would ensure that this country would work for and support a strengthened League of Nations. It would encourage the signing of Pacts of Non-aggression between countries with common frontiers and would join the Franco-Soviet Pact of Mutual Assistance. It would appeal to the country on a simple programme of measures aiming at the establishment of social justice, but, above all, it would be charged with the responsibility of defending to the uttermost our democratic liberties.

Circumstances make it impossible for the Labour Party to work with certain progressive forces through a People's Front, unless at the same time such "Left" forces as the Communists are included. The workers would never agree to unity which did not include the more advanced elements.

Surely the terrible situation confronting the Spanish democracy has convinced the most orthodox Socialist that sacrifices must be made so as to salvage what is left of the democratic countries. "Letting I dare not wait upon I would" savours of Baldwinism.

Will someone call a representative conference of all the democratic forces to prepare a programme which would make possible an alternative government? JOSEPH REEVES,

179 St. Asaph Road,
Brockley, S.E.4.

Prospective Labour and Co-operative Parliamentary Candidate, Greenwich.

BRUSSELS PEACE CONGRESS

SIR,—Thank you very much for the publicity which you have given to the work of the International Peace Campaign and the World Peace Congress. I note, however, that in your issue of August 22nd, you say, referring to M. Leon Jouhaux's protest against the French non-intervention policy in Spain, that "it is more than likely that this all-important subject will provide a main topic of discussion." This statement may prove very misleading to those of your readers who may not be intimately familiar with the work which is to be done at the Congress.

The Congress is meeting upon the basis of the Four Points :—

1. Recognition of the sanctity of Treaty Obligations.
2. Reduction and limitation of Armaments by International Agreement, and the suppression of profit from the manufacture of arms.
3. Strengthening of the League of Nations for the prevention and stopping of war by the more effective organisation of Collective Security and Mutual Assistance.
4. Establishment within the framework of the League of Nations of effective machinery for the remedying by peaceful means of international conditions that might lead to war.

This policy is one which is in the main accepted by all those co-operating in the campaign and in the Congress. It is no part of the intention of the Congress that this policy should be discussed: there have already been more than sufficient discussions of various kinds of policy. The work which will be of the greatest significance to the future of peace work throughout the world will be done through the special Commissions which are to be set up at the Congress, namely, Churches, Trade Unions, Educationalists, Science, Letters and Art: (*a*) Medicine, (*b*) Press, (*c*) Broadcasting, (*d*) Cinema; Co-operatives, Parliamentary, Ex-Service Men, Sport and Physical Education, Commerce, Industry and Finance, Aviation, Youth, Housewives (Women's Organisations), Co-ordination. The purpose which they, in common with the Congress as a whole, will set out to achieve will be, in Lord Cecil's words, "To agree upon and inspire detailed methods of propaganda to be undertaken by the constituent bodies in their own countries for the purpose of creating in each a powerful and educated public opinion for peace through the League of Nations, closely linking the many movements now dealing sporadically with these great questions."

International Peace Campaign,
27 Chester Terrace,
Eaton Square,
London, S.W.1.

ADELAIDE LIVINGSTONE,
Vice-Chairman,
British National Committee

ARMIES AND POLICEMEN

SIR,—The weakness in the position taken by Gen. Crozier and Lord Ponsonby is surely that, in pointing out that there is a whole world of difference between the police using force to arrest a criminal and a nation using its armed forces, they are only stating, not solving the problem. The question they must answer is where, in the wide space between these two, they would stop the use of force. Where there are armed gangs, as in the stories told of America, they would presumably approve of the police themselves being armed and disciplined. Yet this may obviously result in innocent persons being killed. Go a step farther: supposing bodies of Fascists (to make the hypothesis as unsympathetic as possible) paraded the streets, inciting to violence, and, growing bolder, looted shops, attacked Jews, and so forth: are the police to be allowed to call in aid the military? Supposing such bodies become strong enough to turn the struggle into a civil war? That is, were the Bolsheviks justified in resisting the white armies by force, and is the Spanish Government now justified in resisting the rebellion? Yet such wars are no more immune than any other form of innocent suffering and cruelty and stupidity (quite apart from "atrocities")—the shelling of towns, the murderous slaughter, the propaganda and official bulletins: the misuse, in a word, of courage and intelligence. The problem is, where do you draw the line in the use of force? Lord Ponsonby has admitted that, if attacked by a rough, he would defend himself. If he also admits a right in a Government to put down rebellion by force, but no right to fight abroad, that is surely not only short-sighted (for foreigners may interfere in a civil war), but parochial: I may fight for my class, or, to put it more magniloquently, I may fight for a just cause in my own country, but not outside its borders. Abyssinia was right to defend herself against Italy; but no one would be right to help her?

A. W. GOMME

Long Crendon,
Aylesbury, Bucks.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN RUSSIA

SIR,—*Pravda's* comment on to-day's mass executions in Moscow runs: "A million workers begin their day's work happy at heart, knowing that the vipers have been crushed."

So once again it is brought home to us that the death penalty taints justice with hysteria and poisons the public mind by appeals to its lust for vengeance or for morbid sensationalism. This is equally true whether the execution is carried out publicly before revelling mobs in Kentucky, swiftly and secretly in Moscow, or furtively, with mock-respectability, in the precincts of Pentonville or Holloway. Wherever it is done, the act of judicial murder shocks humane feeling and does violence to the principles which underlie ordered democratic government. It may be natural to dictatorships. Italy and Germany (the former after sixty years, the latter after a short experiment) reverted to the death penalty when they abandoned free institutions and became tyrannies. Russia, though professing to look to a day when ruthlessness may no longer be necessary, claims that "justice is a power by which to suppress class enemies."

It is surely time for Great Britain to join the civilised democratic communities of Western Europe, Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, and do away with the barbaric ritual of murder by the State, the death sentence, the black cap, the gallows—and, not least, the orgy of sensationalism which inevitably accompanies it.

After all, is it more shocking or less necessary for the Russians to shoot Zinoviev than for us to hang Mrs. Bryant? Was she such a menace to our social stability and the safety of English husbands?

JOHN PATON,
Secretary

National Council for the
Abolition of the Death Penalty,
Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

ACCIDENTS IN MINES

SIR,—Mr. Philip Gee, of the Mining Association, may or may not be right in saying that there is no justification for the statement that long hours and accidents are inter-related. On the evidence available one can only say that the statistics he quotes are out of date and completely unrepresentative, and that they are partly invalidated by the opinion of Sir Richard Redmayne, which he quotes earlier, that one would normally expect (for what one may call geological reasons) a higher rate of accident in the earlier portion of the shift if the pit had been left standing for a period.

A more balanced view is that expressed by the miners' representatives on the Sankey Commission after they had seen the statistics quoted and heard Sir Richard Redmayne, viz.:

> We cannot confidently predict that a lessening of hours will, in itself, result in a diminution of accidents, because there has unfortunately been no study of the extent to which the accidents in mines are affected by the men's fatigue. In other industries that have been investigated, it has been proved that a reduction in working time leads to a more than proportionate lessening of accidents. But, however this may be in mining, each individual miner will certainly be a shorter time at risk.

Turning to the effect of nationalisation on safety, it is obvious that many safety measures cost money, and that in a highly competitive industry there must always be a very great temptation, which will not always be resisted, to cut this cost so far as possible.

Apart, however, from evadable legal obligations in connection with safety, it is obviously of vital importance that the industry *as a whole* should take advantage of the many discoveries made by the Safety in Mines Research Board. If Mr. Gee will read the evidence recently given to the Royal Commission on Safety by representatives of that Board his complacency over the purely negative virtue attributed, in a rash moment, by Sir Richard Redmayne to the owners of seventeen years ago (who were still under the thumb of the Coal Control) will, I fear, be very rudely shaken.

I do not think Mr. Gee would venture to suggest that the difficulties, described by the Research Board, in the way of getting the industry as a whole to take advantage of the assured safeguards with which science can provide the miners, could possibly persist in a nationalised industry.

There are many other ways in which safety and research would automatically be extended in a nationalised industry, but I think the above will suffice to show up the "wishful" thinking in which Mr. Gee indulges.

B. DUFF

NEWS-REEL PROPAGANDA

SIR,—There is some reason to fear the increasingly tendencious character of the cinema news reels. It appears generally only in the interpretation given by commentators to current events, though in a few cases, such as the interview some months ago with the secretary of the Navy League, it has been openly propagandist.

The Gaumont British news reel in its issue of August 13th has,

I think, made a new and very dangerous departure from the rule of impartiality, which we are led to believe they have imposed on themselves, in its presentation of a witness of the Spanish rebellion. The lady interviewed, described for us as the "Blonde Amazon," was looked after by Government troops and recounts the stories with which they regaled her—of burning four Fascists in a car, executing seventy officers with a machine-gun, and so on. She herself had seen a church burned down in front of her hotel; and she tells how the women fighters were the worst of all.

Now we have no right to doubt this particular lady's word: but it must be pointed out that although she was selected from some hundreds of refugees from Spain, many of whom have an entirely different story to tell, she was not a witness at first-hand of the most important part of her story and had apparently no previous knowledge of Spain to give any importance to her account.

The choosing of an unreliable but sensational witness is deplorable, but perhaps understandable. The Gaumont British news-reel editor has, however, gone to considerable pains to give verisimilitude to her story by cutting in at the appropriate and telling moments shots of a car burning, a church burning, fierce looking civilian soldiers, their fists raised in salute, women fighting and the noise of machine-guns, which in conjunction with the interview has become straight anti-Government atrocity propaganda. This method of cutting to stock shots is the normal method of giving reality to the fiction film: but when it is used to give reality to what is only a witness's statement in a news-reel film which we are in the habit of accepting as objective it becomes deadly dangerous, for it must be remembered that these films are seen by more people than read the Beaverbrook and Rothermere press put together.

It is to be hoped that the news reel companies will be made aware of their responsibilities and, where it is possible, to deliver news impartially, present both sides of the question as fairly as we expect the B.B.C. to do. But if we are to have more "news" of this kind, I hope that your readers will as often as possible demonstrate their indignation either by announcing their objections to the manager of their theatre, or by writing to the offending news-reel company.

BRIAN CROSTHWAITE

P.S.—Since writing this I hear that the Paramount news reel has selected for its Spanish item a picture of Government supporters shooting at a statue of Jesus Christ and Gaumont British's next choice has been a picture of General Franco driving through a city where his popularity is commented upon.

SEALED LIPS

SIR,—Inspired by what may be the vain hope of improving my mind I this year included in my holiday reading some of the plays of Ben Jonson. For the most part they seemed even duller than I had expected, but at least I was rewarded by finding what must surely be the first reference to Mr. Baldwin in English literature. It comes at the very beginning of "Every man out of his humour" (first acted in 1599) in the first speech of a tedious character called Asper. Any student of Low's cartoons will recognise the allusion.

> Who is so patient of this impious world,
> That he can clutch his spirit, or reign his tongue?
> Or who hath such a dead unruly sense,
> That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
> To see the earth crack'd with the weight of sin,
> Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
> Black ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretched wings,
> Ready to sink us down and cover us.
> Who can behold such prodigies as these,
> And have his lips seal'd up?

The answer, of course, is Mr. Baldwin.

J. M. D. PRINGLE

INDIAN CENSORSHIP

SIR,—I would like to add something to what Professor Laski, Mr. Anand and others have said on Indian censorship in a recent issue of your paper. The censorship in the case of English books is bad enough, but in the case of vernacular books, published locally, it is worse still. I will quote two recent instances. Mr. J. F. Horrabin's little book, *How Empires Grow*, was allowed to enter India, but the Government was prompt in banning its Gujarati translation. Recently the Allahabad High Court upheld the Governmental ban on the Hindi translation of the Communist Manifesto. By demanding heavy securities and forfeiting them on flimsiest ground, the Government is endeavouring hard to demoralise our press. It is wellnigh impossible to bring out radical journals in vernacular. The printing presses have been so terrorised that most of them refuse to print our—Congress Socialists'—ordinary leaflets. Recently a local (Bombay) printing press refused to print my Congress-election leaflet because the sentence: "If you want to wreck the coming constitution, vote for," etc., occurred in it. I had to contest the election without any leaflets. If such is the terror felt in Bombay, you may well imagine the state of things in the mofussil.

139 Medows Street, Fort,
Bombay, 1.

ASOKA MEHTA,
Editor *Congress Socialist*

PARNELL

SIR,—In the letter appearing under the above heading in last week's issue, there is one statement with which every knowledgeable person must agree. . . . "Mr. O'Riordan need have no fear that anyone will put themselves to the pains of horsewhipping him." . . . This is bad English but good sense: the pains would be deadly.

English seems not to be your correspondent's language. I cannot find any authority for his notion of the term demi-rep. For me it conjures up a vision of one of Congreve's more prudent heroines: a pretty lady morally comparable with that diocesan egg which, since it escaped the Bishop's censure, the Curate was too charitable to condemn.

Patient search has not revealed to me any statement of fact, as regards Mr. Parnell or his widow, in my review of Miss Haslip's book, that is not to be found in that book; which has an adequate list of "Sources." Whether my judgment on these facts is coloured by my private knowledge I dare not be positive: but I think not. Until Mrs. Parnell, or someone in her name, volunteered to give evidence in her own defence, I was among the many who had a sentimental bias in her favour.

I have never said anywhere in English, plain or coloured, that she "had been habitually unfaithful to O'Shea prior to her association with Parnell." I have said, and will say, the exact contrary. For twenty-two years I have been convinced that she was habitually faithful to Captain O'Shea prior and posterior to her association with Mr. Parnell. The book issued in her name told me that too plainly to be mistaken. The following quotation is from Miss Haslip:

> So the late 'seventies saw Mrs. O'Shea settled in a comfortable villa at Eltham, with a husband in bachelor lodgings in London who only visited her for the week-ends. To quote her own words: "The wearing friction caused by our totally dissimilar temperaments began to make us feel that close companionship was impossible." Yet still he had that curious physical hold over her, so that years later, when the whole world knew Parnell to be her lover, O'Shea complained to Labouchere that whenever Katie visited his flat in Victoria Street she insisted "on renewing our old relations." Therefore it was not only for her children's sake that Katherine kept on amicable terms with her husband.

The conundrum about the sale of the love-letters baffles me. I do not pretend to more than an amateur's interest in the law of Conveyancing. Perhaps the bookseller practised on my simplicity. I hope he did.

CONAL O'RIORDAN

ENGLISH HOTELS

SIR,—I have felt for some time that food is the only subject worth writing or thinking about. Let us eat till the very last minute, and, Sir, you have done well in opening your columns to this controversy between Mr. Raymond Mortimer and Mr. Leonard Woolf. May I range myself upon Mr. Mortimer's side? Surely the nastiest meat on God's earth must have been cooked in England, and surely I ate through it three years ago in a West Country hotel. The hotel was situated upon a brae. It was of high repute and full of contented guests. We called at dinner time, hoping for a treat, and after some cold looks were accommodated in a gallery of pitch-pine, within sight of the fog and sound of the sea. We asked for drinks, but the hotel was non-alcoholic. A hush established itself, appropriate to a religious building. Presently the meal began to slither past, price six shillings, and at some point or other after the tinned and watered soup a dish made its entrée—the dish which has compelled me to disagree for ever with Mr. Woolf. This dish consisted of hot minced ham, the outer leaves of a lettuce, and a bottle of bought salad-dressing. Let him read that sentence twice. There was no concealment over the brand of the salad dressing, nor was there any stint: each visitor had a bottle, and released the abundant yellow coils at will. And as the minced ham grew cooler and the lettuce leaves

warmer and the fog thicker, it dawned on me that this insolent dreariness was typical of hostelry in England. No doubt good cooking is to be found in our country, but why has it always to be found? In France it used to find one.

Used to find one; for though Mr. Mortimer's opinions are correct, they are academic, and well he knows it. With the cessation of Continental travel, British nourishment will come into its own. The carton, the cake, and the tin will reign unchallenged over the countryside, and letters will again appear from hotel directors, as in the past, threatening to place upon a black list such customers as dare to complain. E. M. FORSTER

Reform Club, S.W.

SIR,—A statement of my own experience may throw light on the controversy now raging in your columns. Much have I travelled in France, and I have travelled in England, too. On my French tours never have I had a companion, no matter how patriotic or ascetic, who did not look forward with unconcealed, indeed with loudly expressed, pleasure to lunch. I have never known, nor ever heard of, anyone, except Mr. Woolf, who looked forward to lunch in an English inn. On the contrary, my companions have often resorted to embarrassing shifts, to say nothing of dangerous driving, in order to cadge lunch in the house of some vague acquaintance, not for reasons of economy, but to the sole end of not having it in an hotel. What is more, when no hospitable board could be reached in time, they have bought from the most unlikely shops sausage-rolls, buns, and even hard-boiled eggs rather than face the rigours of a British table d'hôte.

No doubt Mr. Woolf will maintain that my friends were wrong in looking forward to an hotel lunch in France and avoiding one in England. I state but the fact. CLIVE BELL

Miscellany

A TERRORIST IN SPAIN

[The author of the following astonishing document has personally convinced us that it is a genuine account of actual experience. He is a British subject who has spent the last three and a half years in Spain, during most of which he has served the Catholic Monarchists. A short time before the last elections he joined the *Proteccion Cuidadana*, or the Protectionist Committee, a body of some two thousand men, armed with revolvers, rifles and machine-guns, whose job was apparently to protect nuns and other Catholic voters who might be molested at the poll. According to his account this was a necessary function. He speaks of one nun having her robes torn by a mob of women as they went to vote, and gives an account of an occasion in which he mounted guard with a loaded revolver while the nuns voted. One of his group, "a mere kid," started a fight which became general. As an armed man he was arrested by the police, but released and his arms returned to him "when he showed his badge." After the Popular Front victory the Protectionist Committee was disbanded by the Catholic Monarchists themselves. This he regarded as an act of treachery. He then became an avowed terrorist and gunman. The rest of his narrative follows. We have omitted certain passages for reasons of space, but have made no other alterations of any kind.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

. . . THEN came into being, openly, the group which a friend of mine had been building up, "Las Cruzadas de España," the Spanish Crusades. I was its second in command. From a peaceful school-teacher by day, I became a terrorist by night.

English people may not understand just what is meant by the "Popular Front." It means the coalition of Left Republicans, Radicals, Socialists, Communists and Anarchists. Granted that the Republicans of the Left and Radicals are merely bourgeois gone a bit pink under anti-Catholic and Masonic propaganda, the union of these parties would be quite harmless if it were not for the millions of followers of the other members of the coalition.

If one then realises that those masses are more than 75 per cent. illiterate and the rest, fired by intellectuals, embittered by the natural consequences of existing world conditions, one will understand the terrific weapon in the hands of a few clever men determined to destroy all that has ever been the glory of Spain. The masses were getting out of hand. Strikes were being fomented everywhere. Even Azaña, a brilliant politician, if a rather unscrupulous one, could not control them. The Socialist Party was divided in itself. Prieto wanted them to be quiet and work constructively toward better conditions. His plan was good, but the people wanted action. They wanted to tear out the treasure of the rich men and see smoke rising from the churches, sack and pillage. Therefore, most of them turned to the support of Largo Caballero and his General Workers' Union. He had the political support of about 40 per cent. of the workmen and the Communists. The National Workman's Congress was against all parliamentary or political movements, believing strictly in anarchy. The members of this organisation voted "Left" in the election, but a stronger Fascist programme and fewer of the "Señorito" type (young gentleman) would have gained their support.

We, of the Crusades, could do nothing by propaganda. What we could do, however, was show the Reds that, wherever a church was burned, the houses of the local Leftist leaders would suffer a like fate. If a priest were ill-treated, so much the worse for the president of the local Left club, and so on. Sitting here in the quiet of London, in safety, it seems unreal, fantastic to think of some of the things we did.

For instance, in one of the villages near Valencia the Mayor, aided by his Red Council, closed the church. The reason he gave was that the bells disturbed the children's study in the national (lay) school near-by, causing them to think of religion. He had been warned not to do it, that it would be unhealthy. Regardless of the warning, the Monday night following his house went sky-high. My chief and I had passed his door (the Mayor's), leaving a mussy-looking parcel in the doorway. I put it in place and lit the slow fuse from my cigarette under cover of tying up my shoe.

A few days later the Right centre in another town was burned. We didn't much care, because the local people, who were in the majority, had made no resistance. It was the principle of the thing that made us send out half a dozen carloads of men armed with truncheons to punish the village. I led this expedition as the Commandant was away burning the house and family of another pest.

A car with gunmen occupied each of the four entrances to the town. The telephone, telegraph and electric light cables were cut five minutes before we went into action. The Guardia Civil had been called away to a hamlet to suppress an imaginary riot. The two work cars pulled up at the door of the Casino. Tommy gunners occupied the street. The truncheon artists burst in, clubbed the stuffings out of all and sundry, emptied the cash box and off we went.

The cash box was necessary. Most of us were poor men. We had no political backing. As a clandestine society we had to get money from somewhere to buy arms and ammunition. Our numbers were large but our material hopelessly inadequate. Another thing was the case of any of our men who were hurt or imprisoned. We, the leaders of the movement, went in constant fear of betrayal. Treachery was punishable by death. The sentence was carried out at once. It had to be done, once or twice. I was sorry. The men who betrayed what little they knew did so because they were hungry.

The situation was appalling. Gil Robles and Calvo Sotelo were thundering in the Congress and demanding, at least, guarantees of public safety. Jeers from the back benches. We all knew that a military plot was fomenting but didn't place much faith in it. It would, perforce, be known by too many people and be sure to be betrayed, as it undoubtedly was.

For several weeks before the actual outbreak we had taken no action whatsoever. In the first place, the region was more or less tranquil. In the second, we were short of munitions. Gun-running was terribly difficult. Not impossible, but the few cargoes coming in were snapped up by the Socialist and the C.N.T. Another thing, we thought that, if the military plot came to anything, we would do better to have a perfect organisation of auxiliaries ready.

By this time, through jealousy and worse from within, we had been expelled from the Derecha Regional Valenciana. They accused us of being Fascists! We were accepted, en bloc, in the Renovacion Española, the Alfonsist Monarchist party.

The first blow came on July 11th. At nine o'clock, or a little after, a so-called Fascist raid was pulled off on the radio station. It is a practical impossibility for it to have been so. For one thing, only four men were engaged. One of them, on being arrested, immediately confessed to being a Fascist and to have helped plan and carry out the job. Though sent to gaol, I, for one, saw him at liberty a few days later. The whole thing was a hoax.

Its repercussions were disastrous. By 10 o'clock the Plaza Emilio Castelar was black with people. (The raiders had given a short apology for Fascism.) Manifestations formed to call upon the Governor (acting), passing, of course, in front of the Right headquarters. Many of us, on hearing the Fascist speech by radio, grabbed our guns and ran to the D.R.V., expecting trouble. The Assault Guards were there in force, no one could enter. As the manifestants passed the police gave the Red salute. The tail of the procession disappeared and the guard was removed. Only a few of us stayed near, myself going to ring through to my chief for reinforcements and arms a bit more useful than a few pistols. While I was gone three cars drew up at the doors of the Casino, opened them with keys taken from the vigilante (night-watchman) and men poured into the building. In less time than it takes to write about it, the mob of manifestants had returned. They tore through every room and office of the block, destroying, breaking, throwing furniture out of the windows, etc. The archives of the party and the arms and munitions hidden were taken. The place was fired. When the firemen finally arrived they were not allowed to function. . . .

The crowds then went to one of the Right dailies, the *Voz Valenciana*, and put it out of commission. By this time it was getting late. What was left of the crowd, leaving the political business for another day, sacked the Patronal Club, a rather beautiful place and very well equipped. Bedlam! Hordes of men and women surging in to seize plate and china, or whatever they could grab. Bags of sugar and coffee poured over the floor, to mix with the glass of broken mirrors and services. The wine-cellar was broken open, casks were broached, people drinking from them as horses from a trough. Half-naked harridans quaffing vintage wines and liqueurs from the neck of the bottle. A terrific night. I was shot at several times, but between shooting and running (I know the town better than many of its natives) I got home safely.

The next morning we began to hear things and to investigate as to whether the previous night had been the outcome of spontaneous indignation or organised terrorism. The above-mentioned Fascist arrest became known. We found that the D.R.V. branch in the Harbour district (Grao) had been destroyed in the same manner two hours before the wireless raid. As a climax, the linotype operators of the *Mercantile Valenciano*, the principal Left daily, had received orders to stand by at 5.30 p.m., as the Right Casino was to be burned. One can draw what conclusions one likes.

All the above happened before the Revolution broke out. Don José Calvo Sotelo was murdered in Madrid a few days later. An official murder, carried out by uniformed police under the orders of the C.I.D., using their own badges and authorities.

The following evening we had every available member of our Crusade in the Plaza Castilar. All the Right organisations did the same. The word had gone round of the military rising to come off in Madrid. Nothing was done in Valencia that night, because all the directors of all Rightist parties had been summarily clapped into prison. I had fifty men at one end of the square, and had a little difficulty in keeping them quiet and on the move among the crowd, so as not to attract attention. One youngster wanted to knife every working man he saw who sported the least stitch of red anywhere. Another, a very old and wrinkled peasant arrived with a short-barrelled, wide-mouthed, flint-lock blunderbuss under his blouse! He did so want to fire it!

The C.N.T. and the U.G.T. had come to an agreement and, in accordance with the Government's request to the workers, were arming. The news of the revolt in Morocco came as a shock to us. It should have begun in Madrid. Treachery! Someone had probably sent a false telegram. We'll see when the smoke blows away. In any case, the element of surprise was lost. Martinez Monge, Commander-in-Chief of Valencia, a Mason, shilly-shallied till the Popular Front was in possession of the town.

On Saturday the 18th was committed the first act of barbarism, the burning of the Church of the Saints John. We sent our men to their homes, keeping in action only those for whom we had arms and upon whom we could rely. I need not describe the horror of the burning of churches, the shooting of monks and priests, the maltreatment of nuns. We put into action a private murder scheme.

Curfew was ten o'clock, after which it was forbidden to move in groups of more than three. Up to that hour we worked on foot, moving in three or four seemingly independent parties of three until we met a small Red patrol in the shadows of some dark square. Then quick and silent knife work, taking their arms and running for it, to meet again five minutes later and repeat the process. Many of the Red Guard in Valencia were from the surrounding district, the Milicianos from Valencia having been sent to Madrid. Thus we were often able to escape from any pursuers by knowing the lay of the land. It was ghastly work. The usual procedure being that the first group, once past our victims, threw sacks over their heads, while the next group knifed them, usually in some place where it hurts and, though necessarily mortal, death tarries.

The Fascists invented the "Phantom Car" stunt. We helped them work it. We had several autos at our disposal. All cars circulating were Red. No others could run. Therefore we knew that, when we went out with our C.N.T.-U.G.T. painted car, we were the only pirates loose. The driver of our lot was a Fascist-Communist. That is to say, a double-cross had been pulled on the Reds. He had a perfectly good safe conduct to drive any car. The idea was good. We saw a patrol car coming down one of the long straight streets in the new town. As we approached it, one of us, usually myself, would lean out of the window, and, at the critical moment, throw a dynamite cartridge. The patrol car would go sky-high. Sometimes we'd be shaken by the explosion, but the consequent confusion was always enough to let us escape.

Another little trick was the use of a "tommy gun" on a car approaching. When the other bus came within a hundred metres of us we opened fire. She usually climbed a tree and burst into flames. In any event, the effect was the same, whichever trick we used. The impression of terror at large in Valencia was enough to detain the sending of volunteers to the various fronts. When some car, for one reason or another, got away, we sneaked off home and changed cars. In one night, the last we operated in this way, we destroyed six patrol cars from ten to twelve midnight.

When we could, we caught militiamen alone, shooting them with their own guns, leaving them at the foot of the wall, with a large cross or swastika chalked on their backs. One of the oldest tactics in guerilla warfare is not to let your enemy sleep. That was the most difficult for us, as we couldn't sleep either. A sudden fusillade at one end of the town would bring all the patrols in the neighbourhood. Perhaps we'd only get two or three people, but the whole area would be on the *qui vive* for hours. In the meantime, we would be doing the same thing somewhere else.

Still, it was useless. Our ammunition gave out. Many of us had been killed or were missing. The Reds were searching houses. I, fortunately, had moved, just before the riot started, to a quarter where I was not known. (My wife nearly died of fright at every knock on the door). I was too sick and tired to care. We knew that all foreigners were leaving. I decided to go too. . . .

THE ECONOMIST AND THE POET

The Economist said to me, " Let us go together
And watch the men and women of the ballet,
Those mortal fairies." But I shook my head.
" How can I come, whose mind cannot see whither
Europe is rushing, whether to blood and bullet,
Or to some other racial suicide
Of cornfields burnt, and machines laid aside,
None to buy their product, and an ape to sell it ?
I, being concerned with words, find these grave matters
Tie up my thoughts, and put my verse in fetters."
" Ah well," he said, " for many years I worried
On this and that expression of the verb,
Seeking a prose to suit the City Man.
I tried my sentences in every garb
The Masters recommend, but never one
Would fit my thoughts. My paragraphs were horrid."
" Yours is a simple problem," I replied ;
And he laughed too, echoing what I said.
And with that laughter, gay in our despair,
We took the extravagant and the wordless road
To watch the deathless creatures dance on air.

RICHARD CHURCH

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," at the Regal

Patiently, for a couple of years, Hollywood authors and directors have been straining to repeat the success of *It Happened One Night*, that streamlined parcel of love in the mist that proved we were a nice generation at heart after all. Somehow they couldn't quite reproduce that first fine careful rapture. Now along comes Mr. Capra and does it himself, with a film which is sturdier, and will be even more popular, than its wistful elder sister. *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* has charm, character, comedy, sweetness, and wit in good proportions, and it will be none the less liked for having something to say as well—which is really its chief merit, a decidedly unusual one. Its theme is the silly iniquity of unevenly distributed wealth ; and though of course other films have considered this problem before, they suffered mostly from self-consciousness in doing so, and tended to be hollow or highbrow, since the movies themselves are an apotheosis of capitalism. (The salary paid to Gary Cooper for his touching portrait of the unselfish Mr. Deeds no doubt dazzles the extras who play the impoverished farmers to whom he gives away his wealth—let alone the real Middle West.) However, since the depression, certain ethical changes have come over Hollywood ; its game of glorifying the gold-digger has long been given up, even though its scenario-writers still dearly love success. Capra's new film only goes part of the way in its repudiation of plutocratic values ; but, as its excellence is all of a piece with its popularity, perhaps it is pleasant enough for its message to stick. Sincerity-appeal is attraction no. 1 in this mass entertainment-art of the cinema, though probably the hardest for Hollywood to muster. Here honest sentiment is written large over the moving and amusing tale of a shrewd small-town youth who comes into twenty million dollars and, finding that big money stinks, distributes it among the poor. In court, accused of insanity, he explains his generous action by a parable (which is pure Christian Socialism) of a stream of identical cars, some contriving, some failing, to climb a hill outside his house ; the stronger, he claims, should help the weak. Throughout this jolly film the wording, when well delivered, is found to be first-rate, although several of the minor characters overact. By allowing this and by his love of romantic fogs, Mr. Capra slightly spoils his brilliant films. Gary excels himself in charm, persuasiveness and sensibility.

"The Man Who Could Work Miracles," at the Leicester Square

Thirty years ago, Mr. Wells and George McWhirter Fotheringay (the man who could work miracles) were content with a few super-conjuring tricks by way of miracles, and a rather shamefaced " human nature " faith by way of philosophy. To-day the same comic backcloth is lighted with cosmic overtones. The 1936 George Fotheringay is selected for his big chance by one of the Big Three of the British Board of the Expanding Universe, a rowing man who wants to see " what the little beggah will do." Not much, of course—you might have guessed it. Like Mr. Deeds (whom you may remember as the wielder of an infinitely inferior magic wand) he takes a lot of undisinterested advice, and as in that case, a condition of horrible suspense develops. Will he do something—or will his powers vanish before he can make up his mind ? Will he do something ? Will they ever stop talking ? The English production keeps you waiting till nine-tenths of the running time is gone. This is a routine reaction to the English film. *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* is better than that. Slow, often ridiculous without being funny, and with a terrible lot of spouting, it has still a first rate comic idea behind it, it has Colonel Blimp, it has Roland Young, that diffident little man with the nasal-whistling voice, and it has its great moment too, when George McWhirter Fotheringay refuses to be played upon, calls for a palace that holds ten Elsinores and is prevented by a small oversight in the matter of physics, from establishing Peace and Goodwill upon Earth. Prevented he has to be, because you and I have to come out of the spatial darkness of the cinema into a world which, just because George Fotheringay Wells never got that power, is still full of evening newspapers.

"Mary of Scotland," at The Empire

Katherine Hepburn's first extra-adolescent part in years could hardly have been more unsuitable than this. Mary Stuart was, one imagines, oval-faced—gentle, Queen of France, daughter of Mary of Guise rather than of rude Scotland. Katherine Hepburn is every freckle the raw-boned lass. Her angular movements and that strange flat voice disqualify her at the very start. The film's great effort, an unsuccessful one, is to establish Mary as a womanly woman (in contrast with the alabaster Elizabeth), tragically defeating herself by her impulsive ways. For her partner in Grand Passion, the moss-trooping Bothwell (Fredric March) is raised to rank as hero. To make her fickleness more credible, poor Darnley is caricatured off the sound-stage. And all the time John Knox rumbles and rails from any convenient eminence, mistakenly against our heroine. The muddled moralist and the wicked barons win ; this is theatrical enough an occasion for all roads to be strewn with shortbread tartans and massed halberdiers, and to resound with the fine old Scots bagpipes, but it is serious enough for them all to lead to Fotheringay. Interiors conventional, exteriors madly unconvincing, dialogue humourless, and Hepburn-fans who have been demanding their ravishingly gawky goddess in a different guise, will be sorry they spoke.

"Love's Labour's Lost," at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park

One does not know whether more to admire Mr. Sydney Carroll's courage or to deplore his miscalculation—for this is a play particularly ill suited to *al fresco* performance. The action, it is true, takes place in a park, but there hardly is any action. It is " a set of wit well play'd," the work not of the " universal " Shakespeare, but of the young poet intoxicated (and amused) by the new continent of language, which the Renaissance had opened to his exploitation. It is not so much a play as a treasury of fascinating tropes,

> Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three piled-hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical,

difficult enough, in all conscience, to catch in a small theatre—impossible of apprehension under the stars, with a fresh breeze blowing the words across stage to the Hampstead Heights. Yet the wind which was a pirate to our ears played almoner to our eyes, fluttering the skirts of Maria and Rosaline into Alexandrian draperies and twisting their sleeves into perpetually changing arabesques. We saw Mr. Leslie French's understudy as Costard, and he was excellent. Mr. W. E. Holloway as Holofernes, and Mr. John Wyse as Biron, gave very good performances. Mr. Baliol Holloway as Armando affected so strange an accent that we could not gather his words. The costumes are good, the scenery—of trees and shrubs—an enchantment.

THE COMING WEEK

MONDAY, August 31st—
" The Turn of the Tide," Everyman Cinema.
Pat Sloan on " New Soviet Constitution," Granville Hall, Granville Road, North Finchley, 8.

TUESDAY, September 1st—
" Gentle Rain," Vaudeville Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, September 2nd—
" Swing Along," Gaiety Theatre.

THURSDAY, September 3rd—
Three Choirs Festival, Hereford.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE day, perhaps, an expert Freudian psychologist will write a popular critical analysis on the subject of Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann's famous work which we know best in translation under the title of *The English Struwwelpeter, pretty stories and funny pictures for little children*, since it is calculated to convert the most hardened sceptic to many of Freud's ideas. The ten tales all deal with simple forms of sadistic obsession. Number six, for example, simply shouts its Freudian message:

> But mind now, Conrad, what I say,
> Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
> The great tall tailor always comes
> To little boys that suck their thumbs;
> And, ere they dream what he's about,
> He takes his great sharp scissors out
> And cuts their thumbs clean off—and then,
> You know, they never grow again.

But while Dr. Hoffmann himself must be left to an expert psychologist, it is worth while considering the social, ethical and artistic qualities of the book. Shock-headed Peter himself neglects manicure and haircut, but his only punishment is our contempt. Cruel Frederick tortures animals and whips his nurse, and is punished by being dosed with nasty medicine for dogbite, while good dog Tray is rewarded for biting him by sitting in Frederick's chair with a napkin round his neck and eating pudding. Harriet, though warned by pussy-cats, sets fire to her behind and is burnt to ashes while the cats shed a pond of tears. It is not pointed out that if they had wept more promptly they could have saved her. The naughty boys hoot and laugh at a poor blackamoor, and their racial pretensions are punished by the great Agrippa, who dips them in ink. The green man goes out shooting, and while he falls asleep the hare seizes his gun and shoots at him. Conrad is mutilated for sucking thumbs, Augustus fades away and the tureen of soup he has refused is laid upon his grave, Philip pulls the cloth off the table and there is the threat of a birching. Johnny Head-In-Air gets a ducking and is mocked by fish. Robert, who dares to venture out in the rain with an umbrella, is blown away and never heard of more. In three out of ten stories there is a dramatic turning of the tables with the moral of do-as-you-would-be-done-by implicit in them. All the lessons were useful or necessary except the last, since opposition to the umbrella ran counter to the spirit of the nineteenth century and the child who took the tale of Robert to heart would have been handicapped in life. The longest of the stories, that of the boys punished by the Great Agrippa, is now equally out of date in the country of its origin.

* * *

The threats themselves, which are probably only slightly more brutal than those levelled at most children, no doubt have effects very different from those intended, but I think that the imaginative quality of the illustrations has a very considerable influence. Who would not run great risks in order to see cats weeping over one's naughtiness? And Frederick obviously got more fun with his whip than Conrad from his thumb, or Philip by fidgeting. So the child is likely to brandish fire in front of the cat and manufacture a whip. The psychologists can tell us why Struwwelpeter is likely to produce certain unintended results. And those of us who stuck to our thumbs and chanced the tailor learned the great lesson that one can usually get away with crime. Perhaps one day a psychologist will write some other *Pretty stories for little children* which will actually impart the lessons which are most likely to be useful. I do not mean useful to the State by teaching young cannon-fodder how not to reason why, but to the individual. If such tales are ever written they will probably be in their own way quite as disagreeable as Dr. Hoffmann's. We are entering upon a period of hideously cruel warfare, so that it is obviously scarcely worth while to teach children to be kind to earwigs "because they are good mothers." That should be urged against them during a demonstration of wiping them out with cyanide gas, which will also have its horticultural advantages. Probably the ancient Spartan curriculum of lying and stealing involves too much danger to be really useful, and the wise parent should teach his children to lie and to steal passively and by proxy. Under Fascism or communism the young men of the future will need to emulate Stendhal's heroes in certain respects whilst shunning their courage and their *amour-propre*. Careless spontaneous expression of thoughts and feelings is as dangerous in a Police State as careless happy games of football are on the main roads to-day, and those who survive will do so because, like Julien Sorel, they are able to present a mask of studied hypocrisy and have hearts that can remain shut like oysters.

* * *

The survival-value of being a complete individualist, entirely without any sense of social or moral obligation, is shown in a most revealing and amusing autobiography, *Smithy*, by *Alexander Smith* (Cape, 7*s*. 6*d*). There can hardly have been a single soldier under arms during the last war more completely adapted to profit by every inefficiency in the military machine. He was, by his own account, the champion "lead-swinger" and scrounger in the Royal Naval Air Service, never doing a stroke of avoidable work, dodging punishment and danger with equal ease while getting the best of everything that was going. There is a rollicking artistic self-satisfaction in the chronicle of his exploits which makes one almost like him. So far as I know *Smithy* is the only book of its kind. It is perfectly convincing, and I do not doubt its genuineness, though some of the stories have perhaps been touched up a bit. The extraordinary thing is that such a really nasty individual should have written so honestly about his nastiness, which he has made no attempt to hide. When he was on a Greek island Smithy and one of his mates were able to draw rations and stores for a party of six men whom they had replaced in charge of a pumping station. These they auctioned to the inhabitants. It was characteristic of Smithy to dilute the rum with soapy water before selling it, and his method of finding out who had pilfered some paraffin was equally typical:

> Before he went to sleep he thought of a plan to catch the culprit, and the next morning they shifted the paraffin into the other tent and filled the barrel up with petrol, leaving it in the usual place. "Now all we've got to do is to wait for results. We'll soon find out who it was." Not many days after there was such a flare in the direction of the village. "There goes our petrol," yelled Smithy, as he put his coat on. "Come on Fordy, let's go and see what it is." They found out who had pinched the petrol all right. His house was a mass of flames.

There is an equally unpleasant flavour in the account of how Smithy dodged being convicted of causing a forced landing by getting at the engine before the inquiry and screwing up the nut he had left loose until it split—a defect which might have been caused by heat.

* * *

He began well at the Crystal Palace Depot by remaining six weeks in the room for inoculated men who were excused drill for two days. Indeed the extraordinary thing is the inefficiency with which the military machine worked. Thus Smithy was always presenting himself at the cookhouse and saying that he had been sent to help carry the officers' food into mess so that he should be able to help himself liberally to cutlets and trifle. The tale of the sentry who was almost caught eating a custard and saved himself by dropping it and pretending that he had been sick while unable to leave his post is excellent. The whole book is a manual for those who wish to be prepared for the next war and to survive it. In every war the men with the greatest courage and most sense of duty to their country or their comrades are more likely to get killed than the Smithies, who survive. Thersites may not be the ideal figure for a hero, but in an army officered by Ajax and Achilles, he is perhaps the best that can be hoped for. And Smithy is a Thersites without his intellect. The Englishman of the future.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Snare of the Fowler. By GERALD BULLETT. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
The Court of the Fair Maidens. By WILHELM SPEYER. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.
Days of Contempt. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. *Gollancz.* 6s.
Choose a Bright Morning. By HILLIEL BERNSTEIN. *Gollancz.* 6s.

The Snare of the Fowler is the only novel on the list this week by an English writer. But it is not a typical picture of English middle-class life: although, after the first blush, the reader is beguiled into comfortable expectations of its being so. It is the story of Drusilla Moore, for whom, as Mr. Bullett tells us, the Fates had designed an extraordinary destiny. When the narrative opens, she is a girl of thirteen, plump, gently nurtured, apparently a sheltered home-girl. Apparently is the word: for, victim of rape by one of those nominal Uncles, those old friends of Daddy's by whom so many well-brought-up confiding little girls have in the annals of family life been startled and dismayed, she has already given birth to a supposedly still-born child. Once again, supposedly is the word. Half incredulous, wholly shocked, the reader is tempted to blame a misprint for this bombshell, so suavely is it dropped, so smoothly are its traces obliterated. For now the story moves on through familiar landscape, deceptively reassuring. All the old landmarks are there: the easy cultured prose, the glimpse of the war, the family feeling, the bland characterization, the Cambridge scene. True, Drusilla reaches the age of thirty-six unmarried; but then she has become a famous actress, beautiful, charming, womanly, quite unwarped. It almost seems as if we are meant to overlook her early misfortune, for marry she finally does, one Robert Cordwainer, a young man of mysterious lower-class origin, thirteen years younger than herself. More, she bears him three delightful children. Now who is Robert Cordwainer, *thirteen years younger than herself?* And why does his car run over and kill an unattractive old man who turns out to be no other than that fatal Uncle, dying, with typical lack of restraint, with the name of Drusilla on his lips? It is in order that Fate may at long last strike. Swiftly, overwhelmingly comes catastrophe, in the Greek style, with a dash of Elizabethan.

> "I heard a noise," said Margaret. "Is anything the matter?"
> "Ha!" cried Robert, wheeling round upon her. "Come in, my darlings! Come in, my pretty flesh! Come and embrace your brother . . . Matter, you say! There's no matter! Rape's the matter. Incest's the matter. But what does that matter? Ask the dear doctor. He'll tell you. Ask my mother-wife."

It was a ghastly situation for him; but he simply could not have behaved more caddishly. One is thankful that he loses no time in throwing himself under a train.

Of the remaining three novels, two are translations, and all happen to treat of Germany. But with what differences. *The Court of the Fair Maidens* is a chronicle of court life in a small German Duchy during the time of the Napoleonic wars. It is very skilfully flavoured with the facts of contemporary politics and culture, and is altogether a thick savoury plummy fruit-cake of a book, entirely free from the pedantry and artificiality which are apt to make historical romances so tedious. Mr. Speyer, whose name is unfamiliar to me, evokes a past which is both dramatic and intelligent. His canvas is broad, and a warm genial glow of imagination and humour penetrates the whole picture. The Duke is a romantic, exciting, lovable figure; and even more so is Voss, the power behind the throne; and so is Countess Marie Potocka; and in fact, so are most of the characters. This is really a refreshing, endearing book, to be recommended to those reactionary individuals who prefer fiction to be an entertainment, an—let's face it—an escape; who have failed to eradicate a weakness for aristocratic pomps, titles, passions; and whose daydreams lean to dash, picturesqueness, chivalry and happy endings. The translation by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt is excellent.

For those who can endure to face history in the making, there is *Days of Contempt*, the English version of André Malraux's *Le Temps du Mépris*. Every word of its brief one hundred and seventy-five pages bears the stamp of intense, deliberate choice on the part of the author. The result is a work so unrelieved, so concentrated as to produce an almost physically distressing effect. It is about a man called Kassner, an important Communist, imprisoned in a German concentration camp. He permits himself to be arrested rather than let a list of Party workers fall into the hands of the Nazi police; is released after nine days owing to the action of some unknown comrade, who assumes his identity, gives himself up, and is, as Kassner, put to death. Kassner escapes by aeroplane into Czechoslovakia and is reunited to his wife and child. That is the bare plot. The characters are less individuals than symbols: man, woman, the crowd; with the unparticularised emotions of mankind: courage, love, hate, hope, despair. It aims then to be a kind of classical poetic tragedy. We are confronted less with the anguish undergone by one victim of Nazi methods than with the age-long persecution of man by his fellowmen in authority. Something suffocating, of stone, seems to enter into the texture of the sentences, weighing down the movement until, like time for the prisoner, it almost stops. The half-paralysed rhythm is that of a solitary pulse in darkness, at the last extremity, but tenacious. Kassner's state of mind is conveyed to us through a series of complex and curious images of his past life, and by descriptions of the effect upon him of remembered music. Now and then these descriptions seem to me to fail of their effect by repetition, confusion, and by a quality of vague rhapsodising; but this may be partly due to the translation, which, though dignified and painstaking, contains passages which appear rather hampered and clumsy. For instance:

> The frantic clinging of the tiny mechanical contrivance to the unbridled clouds, in the darkness surrounding the fuselage on all sides, was growing increasingly unreal, and at the same time all sensations were being submerged beneath the primitive voices of the hurricane.

Apart from the impression of pomposity given by the literalness of the rendering, surely the French construction of such sentences as these should be broken up and rearranged in order to get at an effective English equivalent.

M. Malraux is important as an artist as well as a revolutionary: a combination which exists more rarely than one might be led to suppose. But this work, in spite of its significance, leaves one with a sense of theoretic rather than actual humanity. Doubtless this is partly due to the artistic method deliberately employed; but I feel that a fault in the distribution of balance is chiefly responsible. The true importance of the theme lies in the self-sacrifice of this unknown, this anonymous handful of dust who lays down his life for the simple reason that Kassner was useful

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to the cause—that it needed him. This tragic motive is given too little weight in comparison with the heavy emphasis upon the scene of the political meeting and the reunion with the wife. The former especially seems lugubriously rhetorical and *vieux jeu*. "From this hall as far as Spain and all the way to the Pacific, crowds like ours are gathered, and our watch extends across the whole world." Alas, we have heard it, we have heard it all before.

It was an odd experience to read *Choose a Bright Morning* directly after *Days of Contempt*. In a sense, one was in the wrong mood—like Mr. Bernstein's own principal protagonist not disposed "to regard dictators and their heroes as funny"; so that one felt surprised and pained upon reading Low's declaration on the wrapper: "I laughed so much I couldn't sleep." Yet in another way perhaps the moment was a good one. Every thrust in this brilliant, cold, depressing, extremely amusing satire upon a European dictatorship went home; and it was a relief to reflect that ridicule can criticise as effectively as denunciation; that monsters are at least as likely to be upset by fireworks tied to their tails as by bombs that won't stay tied. It is the autobiography of Keets Wilber, American millionaire. "Because of a profound feeling," he tells us, "that the age of the great heroes had returned to this earth, I had decided to consecrate myself to a hero." He therefore chooses Winsatz, dictator of Bidlo, creator of a country of heroes, slayer of dragons. His adventures in the various departments of State are told with remarkable inventiveness and economy, and with that dry, sly American humour—("You'd better pull yourself together," said Mulden. "You're not giving heroism the best that is in you.")—which is one of the few modern inventions to prove an unadulterated pleasure. His account of concentration camp methods nudges truth too uncomfortably for more than a hollow chuckle; but his interview with Winsatz, who has unexpectedly become a god and speaks from behind a cloud of incense self-distributed by the operation of a button on the desk, is simply glorious. The climax, when the bewildered clownish Keets finds himself unwittingly the largest armament shareholder in the world, is a triumph of ludicrous catastrophe. How beautiful it would be to be allowed to refresh Hitler or Mussolini in one of their hours of weariness by reading this little book aloud in a quiet, soothing voice. ROSAMOND LEHMANN

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Nouvelles Pages de Journal. By ANDRÉ GIDE. *Gallimard. 15 frs.*

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> Ce qui m'amène au communisme, ce n'est pas Marx, c'est l'Evangile. C'est l'Evangile qui m'a formé. Ce sont les préceptes de l'Evangile, selon le pli qu'ils ont fait prendre à ma pensée, au comportement de tout mon être, qui m'ont inculqué le doute de ma valeur propre, le respect d'autrui, de sa pensée, de sa valeur, et qui ont, en moi, fortifié ce dédain, cette repugnance qui déjà sans doute était native, à toute possession particulière, à tout accaparement.

The *Pages de Journal*, from which these lines are extracted, seem to me of the most actual and ardent interest.

There are notes on prosody, on Shakespeare and Racine and Baudelaire, on Balzac and Zola (whom I am delighted and astonished to learn he greatly admires), but he keeps returning to the matter of Communism, as if driven by some Hound of Heaven. The most honest as well as the most tortuous of men, he confesses that if his mind is now filled with social questions, it is because the daemon of creation is deserting him (Tolstoy did not cease writing good novels because he became a moralist: he became a moralist because he could no longer write good novels). But this admission is too painful, and later Gide adds that he hopes the failing in his case may be only temporary. One of his reasons, it seems, for being a Communist is that he has no personal ground for complaint against Capitalism—he has been one of its spoiled children. And he could not endure to think that his opinions were dictated by his interests. This extreme delicacy is very attractive, but is it very Marxian? The same delicacy, if Gide were a member of the proletariat, would presumably prevent him from being a Communist. Further, he sees in Communism the possibility for the majority of developing that individualism which in the capitalist system is open only to the privileged few. This is a crux. Gide appears to be at heart an anarchist, who has adopted Communism as a means to an end. "Tout effort de désindividualisation au profit de la masse est, en dernier ressort, funeste à la masse elle-meme." In fact, Gide seems to be definitely heretical. He confesses that he is appalled by the dogmas, the orthodoxy, the texts, which the Communist religion propounds; nor can the new Inquisition with its elaborate auto-da-fes be agreeable to him, defended as they are by exactly the same high-minded arguments as were the activities of Torquemada. But he finds comfort in a metaphor:

> De même que dans certains accouchements tragiques, il apparait aujourd'hui qu'on ne puisse à la fois sauver la mère et l'enfant. Vous vous attachez à la mère, au passé; nous, nous voulons sauver l'avenir. Mais vous ne croyez pas à l'avenir (je veux dire: au progres; c'est ici la même chose) et ne considérez que ceci: que la mère peut vivre encore et que l'enfant dont nous voulons faciliter la venue, risque de lui coûter la vie.
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Here Gide's courage for once has left him. What he logically should have written in the context was "ceux qui tuent pour

favoriser l'avenir," and this he dared not write. And how one sympathises with this refusal!

To many of my generation in England as well as in France Gide's influence in our adolescence has been enormous. In courage, integrity and subtlety he has been extraordinary. He is incomparably the most persuasive advocate which Communism has so far gained. But it seems to me that the system which he holds up to our admiration is not the system which prevails in Russia, or which is likely to do so. And greatly as I respect M. Gide's ear for style, I cannot recognise in the accents of Stalin the profound language of the Sermon on the Mount.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE FRONT POPULAIRE

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Sandwiched between an introduction by André Marty, the French Communist deputy, and a speech made by Maurice Thorèz, the General-Secretary of the Communist Party shortly after the last general election, Mr. Fox's little book should be useful to anyone in search of a short outline of recent developments in France, the only major country in Europe that has shown itself capable of counter-attacking Fascism, and of winning the battle at least for the present. For, as Mr. Fox rightly observes, "it would be a grave mistake to imagine that these victories mean the end of the danger of Fascism in France and a smooth transition to a new society. . . Grave difficulties face the new Government"

Perhaps the gravest danger of all (Mr. Fox's book was written before this became apparent) would be a victory for the Fascists in Spain: in which case France would be "encircled" by Fascist Germany, Italy and Spain, with the probable result that the Fascist elements in France would regain courage and come forward with the claim that their leaders or virtual nominees (such as Laval) were alone capable of coming to terms with France's neighbours and of so saving France (whatever happened to the rest of Europe) from war. The otherwise inexplicable sympathy shown by the French press of the Right for the Spanish rebels (whose first act, after their victory, might well be to allow Italy to set up a naval base in the Balearic Islands, which would paralyse France's communications with North Africa in case of war) is a significant symptom of this tendency. The international situation arising from such a Fascist encirclement of France strikes me as an even greater menace to the Front Populaire than the possible financial breakdown of the Blum experiment to which Mr. Fox refers. I am inclined to agree in this matter with what Herriot once said to me: "What really matters is peace. As for monetary problems: *pouf! on finit toujours par se débrouiller!*"

Mr. Fox writes from the Communist angle, and the book contains perhaps a little too much rhapsody, and not quite enough information. It must also have been written in a great hurry; for although the main theme for the book—the reaction of the French people against the Fascist "coup" of the 6th of February—is convincingly presented, much of it teems with minor inaccuracies. He says, for instance, that "Flandin fell because he defied the Bank of France and refused to bring in further deflationary measures." Actually he was overthrown by the Chamber precisely because, after a long struggle, he had *surrendered* to the Bank of France and proposed deflationary measures which the Chamber could not accept—though it was forced to agree to them later, under Laval.

Then, in speaking of the Limoges shooting affray of last November, Mr. Fox says:

> The indignation in the country against this licensed banditry, combined with dislike of Laval's support for Mussolini's Abyssinian War, threatened the Premier's position in a parliament with a Left majority. The Congress of the Radical Party decided to withdraw support from the Government by recalling its ministers unless the Leagues were dissolved and elected Daladier Party Leader in place of Herriot, who was a Minister in the Laval cabinet.

Surely, here Mr. Fox is getting all his facts mixed—or should one say over-condensed? The Limoges affair was in November; the Radical Congress, where the resolution was passed demanding legislation against the Fascist Leagues, was in October; that is, before the Limoges affair; Herriot resigned from the Presidency of the Radical Party in December, after the Hoare-Laval plan—a resignation which had no more connection with Limoges than had Daladier's election to the Radical Presidency in January, after Herriot had refused to stand for re-election.

Mr. Fox also speaks of the Franco-Italian "alliance" which was destroyed by sanctions. Actually, Franco-Italian relations never went beyond the military Convention of May, 1935, which enabled France and Italy to withdraw troops from their common frontier, and beyond the prospect of an alliance with which Mussolini kept on bamboozling the French. Nor is it accurate to describe "Make the rich pay" as "the slogan of the People's Front." It is only a Communist slogan; and the capital levy is the most important of the Communist proposals which the Radicals refused to have incorporated in the Front Populaire programme, which is the programme of the Blum Government. The absence of even a brief summary of the Front Populaire programme—without which the policy of the Blum Government cannot be understood—is the most serious gap in Mr. Fox's interesting book.

A. W.

ORGANIC EVOLUTION

The Variation of Animals in Nature. By G. C. ROBSON and O. W. RICHARDS. *Longmans, Green.* 21s.

The theory of the origin of species by natural selection is, in its observational basis, like a house built upon sand. It rests, not on a limited body of certain and unequivocal facts, but on a confused mass of data from which deductions can only be made with the help of more or less plausible subsidiary hypotheses. It is extremely difficult to demonstrate, in concrete examples, even the fact that "the fittest survive," obvious though this may be on general grounds. And we cannot discuss the relevance of natural selection to evolution and species formation until we have discovered the nature of species and of the differences between them. Evidence on these questions comes from all sides; from the systematist who studies a large range of different species in the museum, from the ecologist who investigates in detail the life and habits of a few species in the wild state, from the geneticist who analyses the hereditary constitutions of a few related species, from the embryologist who tries to discover the nature of animal organisation in general, from the paleontologist who describes the actual remains of evolving animals. Mastery of each one of these sciences, even of a part of each, demands nearly a lifetime of study;

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> The indignation in the country against this licensed banditry, combined with dislike of Laval's support for Mussolini's Abyssinian War, threatened the Premier's position in a parliament with a Left majority. The Congress of the Radical Party decided to withdraw support from the Government by recalling its ministers unless the Leagues were dissolved and elected Daladier Party Leader in place of Herriot, who was a Minister in the Laval cabinet.

Surely, here Mr. Fox is getting all his facts mixed—or should one say over-condensed? The Limoges affair was in November; the Radical Congress, where the resolution was passed demanding legislation against the Fascist Leagues, was in October; that is, before the Limoges affair; Herriot resigned from the Presidency of the Radical Party in December, after the Hoare-Laval plan—a resignation which had no more connection with Limoges than had Daladier's election to the Radical Presidency in January, after Herriot had refused to stand for re-election.

Mr. Fox also speaks of the Franco-Italian "alliance" which was destroyed by sanctions. Actually, Franco-Italian relations never went beyond the military Convention of May, 1935, which enabled France and Italy to withdraw troops from their common frontier, and beyond the prospect of an alliance with which Mussolini kept on bamboozling the French. Nor is it accurate to describe "Make the rich pay" as "the slogan of the People's Front." It is only a Communist slogan; and the capital levy is the most important of the Communist proposals which the Radicals refused to have incorporated in the Front Populaire programme, which is the programme of the Blum Government. The absence of even a brief summary of the Front Populaire programme—without which the policy of the Blum Government cannot be understood—is the most serious gap in Mr. Fox's interesting book.

A. W.

ORGANIC EVOLUTION

The Variation of Animals in Nature. By G. C. ROBSON and O. W. RICHARDS. *Longmans, Green.* 21s.

The theory of the origin of species by natural selection is, in its observational basis, like a house built upon sand. It rests, not on a limited body of certain and unequivocal facts, but on a confused mass of data from which deductions can only be made with the help of more or less plausible subsidiary hypotheses. It is extremely difficult to demonstrate, in concrete examples, even the fact that "the fittest survive," obvious though this may be on general grounds. And we cannot discuss the relevance of natural selection to evolution and species formation until we have discovered the nature of species and of the differences between them. Evidence on these questions comes from all sides; from the systematist who studies a large range of different species in the museum, from the ecologist who investigates in detail the life and habits of a few species in the wild state, from the geneticist who analyses the hereditary constitutions of a few related species, from the embryologist who tries to discover the nature of animal organisation in general, from the paleontologist who describes the actual remains of evolving animals. Mastery of each one of these sciences, even of a part of each, demands nearly a lifetime of study;

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to synthesise them in so far as they are relevant to the theory of evolution, any one man must be prepared to step outside his own field into regions in which he is not a specialist. Perhaps too few people are bold enough, or have sufficiently wide interests, to make the attempt.

Robson and Richards both hail from the border region between museum systematics and field ecology. They have been mainly concerned in their professional work with finding out exactly what it is that a theory of evolution has to explain. In this book they have collected and discussed a very large number of the relevant facts scattered through the literature of systematics, ecology and paleontology, and their account of this part of the subject is the best which has appeared for some time. They have not been so intimately connected with the development of the analytical methods by which an explanation may eventually be provided, and although they attempt more seriously than most systematists to assess the importance of recent experimental work to their own subject, experimentalists will fairly often have to dissent from their judgment. Moreover, the theoretical work of Haldane, Fisher, Wright and Volterra is most inadequately treated. The mathematical development of a theory cannot be dismissed simply because it rests on simplified assumptions; its function is to show the precise consequences which follow from a given set of assumptions and thus to build up a coherent abstract structure of which actual cases can be shown to be particular examples, usually complicated ones.

Darwin put forward his theory at a time when the ruling philosophy was a rather crude materialism. An animal could be thought of as a material body, and was, like other material bodies, a self-sufficient "real" entity. Over against it was the environment, a complex of material bodies each of which was also quite independently real, existing in what Whitehead has called a state of vacuous actuality. Scientific hypotheses, like other human constructions, express and create the style of their time. At the present day we tend not to think in terms of independently existing entities but to emphasise the mutual interrelatedness of things. Recently philosophers have suggested that we must regard things as actually being systems of relations, so that a question about a thing has no meaning unless it at the same time refers to something else. But if we attempt to do this we must take into account not only contemporary relations but also relations between the thing and its predecessors; the thing is a unified, or organised, set of processes.

This general type of thought is common to most modern philosophies, whether Whiteheadian organicism, dialectical materialism or the linguistic analysis of the Viennese Circle. It has been developed in the closest connection with the new physical theories of relativity and quantum mechanics, and it has begun to spread into biology; but it is just here, where it should be most at home, that there is still most to do in working out its implications. There are several subjects discussed by Robson and Richards to which this point of view, with its emphases on process and organisation, is obviously relevant. Thus "correlation," or the interrelatedness of characters in development, is no longer so mysterious as they still find it. Not only are we prepared for the existence of causal relations between the parts of a developing animal, but since the work of Spemann we know a considerable amount about them. Then geneticists, who at first analysed the organism into discrete and atomic hereditary factors, are now discovering that the factors are not so discrete and atomic after all. The effect which a gene has on development depends not only on its own nature but also on the relations in which it is placed to other genes. This fact has a particular as well as a general application to the theory of evolution; related species often differ in the arrangements of their genes, and the rearrangements often cause infertility of hybrids between the species, and thus are probably more important in species formation than are simple gene differences. Changes of this kind occur in an organised system of hereditary material, and they result in a new type of organisation of this material; they cannot, therefore, have the aspersion cast at them that they are "mere random mutations." This criticism of genetic theories, which is often advanced, actually involves a second failure to think in terms of process and organisation. What is objected to is not so much the randomness of the mutations themselves but the randomness of the changes caused by the mutations in adult animals; but the adult arises from the egg which contains a mutated gene by a long and highly organised process, and any alteration in an adult character is not an independent change of the character itself, but is an alteration limited by the fact that it takes place within an organised system.

It is possible that the organistic point of view will be found to modify our whole conception of natural selection. An animal and its environment are mutually dependent, and an animal largely creates the terms on which it competes in the struggle for existence. It is an undue simplification to regard natural selection as a process like an examination, in which many different candidates are subjected to the same test. We are actually dealing with a competition between rival systems, each of which is a combination of an animal and the particular environment which it chooses or makes to live in. Robson and Richards in several places hint at this way of approach, but do not follow it up. Their book, useful as it will be as a compendium of facts and criticism, does little to develop the new outlook which seems to be required in evolution theory.

C. H. WADDINGTON

A LEGENDARY EDITOR

A. R. Orage: A Memoir. By PHILIP MAIRET. *Dent.* 8s. 6d.

When A. R. Orage died two years ago, at the age of sixty-one, his name was submerged in a flood of eulogy, a large part of which, being fanciful, did poor service to his memory. As editor for fourteen years of a distinctive weekly, and as a man who delighted in the play of ideas and impressing young people, Orage had his own place in the England of yesterday. His friends were many, and he was admired by not a few famous contemporaries, with not one of whom, I think, did he agree in matters of moment. He deserved a straight record. There was no reason why his career and characteristics should have been woven into a legend mainly misleading.

"Orage, whose very name was The Storm," wrote G. K. Chesterton in his obituary article, reprinted as a foreword to this memoir. This remark is typical of the myth. Alfred Orage (the surname is evidently of the Eastern Midlands) grew up at Fenstanton, Hunts. He attended the village school and stayed on as a pupil teacher. Through the help of a friendly landlord, who had given him the run of his library, he went to a training-college, and at twenty-one was teaching under the Leeds School Board. He joined the I.L.P., and with Holbrook Jackson founded the Leeds Arts Club—a very successful venture. His opinions at this time were a blend of theosophy and Nietzsche: Orage's Socialism was never of a kind to be recognised by the Labour Party. He was ambitious and rightly conscious of unusual gifts, although curiously slow in the practice of writing. Coming to London in 1906, he was lucky enough to get a backing of £1,000 for the purchase of the *New Age* (Mr. Mairet could without any difficulty have learned the facts of the paper's early history). His break with Holbrook Jackson, at the end of the first year, meant the loss of the one partner upon whom he might have counted to carry the paper near to self-support. But Orage wanted his own weekly as a personal organ. His charm of manner was an important asset. For the smallest pay, or none at all, he could get enthusiastic work out of young writers such as J. C. Squire, Cecil Chesterton, T. E. Hulme, Clifford Sharp. J. M. Kennedy, of the foreign-news department of the *Daily Telegraph*, supplied him with acute paragraphs on European affairs and did much editorial duty, without asking to be paid. He had several young contributors of unlimited cheek and powers of provocation; to two or three of these he gave a regular prominence such as no other editor would have allowed, not seldom printing reviews written in vitriol. Moreover, with a skill for which he was envied in Fleet Street, he enticed Chesterton and Belloc, Wells, Arnold Bennett and Bernard Shaw to fill numbers of his paper with free copy of gorgeous quality. It was after the dropping out of such great names that Orage, with the aid of his abler colleagues, developed the feature of continuous editorial notes in place of the leading article. This method was suited to his style and mental habit.

There was never any doubt as to the line of Orage's ambition. He dreamed of being the intellectual leader of a national movement. But he was without political talent, and even if a party allegiance had been possible to him he could not have worked with politicians. His successive causes, advocated in turn with religious fervour, bore little relation to the major forces of English public life. Two of these, together with his most singular obsession, covered the last twenty years. All through the war period he advocated National Guilds. In 1919 he found them to be impracticable and embraced the Douglas Social-Credit scheme. But the magicians of Fontainebleau captured him, and to the amazement of his London friends this extreme individualist

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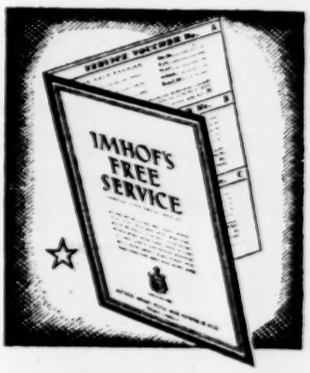

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submitted his will entirely to the impossible Gurdjieff, first took spade in hand and then went on an apostolic mission to New York, where he was to be found (oddly changed, and more attractive than ever) from 1923 to 1930. A break with Fontainebleau was plainly inevitable, particularly when, at fifty-five, Orage found the affectional centre in wife and child which more fortunate men of his type may reach at thirty. The London to which Orage returned three years before his death was strange to him. He could not envisage the revolution wrought by ten years. His illusions remained. Incredible though it seems, he was persuaded that an early victory for the Douglas scheme had been decreed, and he believed that his new weekly might take up the tale of the old *New Age*. (One remark of Mr. Mairet's here touches the limit of irony: "Ezra Pound offered more than could be printed"!) There is, of course, no second life for a journal, and the life of any editor is held within his files. My own penultimate memory of A. R. Orage belongs to New York in his last years there. It is entirely good. I found him reading manuscripts and advising young authors for fees that were ludicrously small. And I watched him as he tended a former editorial colleague who was deeply in need. Orage was devoted, efficient, affectionate—the friend one would have longed for in like case.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

SOVIET MONEY AND FINANCE

Soviet Money and Finance. By L. E. HUBBARD. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The "truth" about Russia and about Communism is often told and re-told, and from many divergent angles. Yet even the most ardent of readers must feel that he remains ignorant of the essentials which characterise the Soviet economic system and distinguish it from other systems. On the philosophical aspects there is a wealth of literature (though some poverty must be admitted when we come to inquire about the relation between the system and its philosophy) and, at the other extreme, the material achievements of the system have been adequately dealt with. But as to what the system is and how it functions, information is scarce. Among those who recently have been filling this gap Mr. Hubbard deserves to occupy a place of prominence. Concerning himself mainly with the financial and monetary fields, he has set out to explain mechanism rather than aspirations, procedure rather than ideas. Unhampered by any peculiarity of mental outlook, and unfriendly (may it be conjectured?) to Soviet ideology, he has succeeded, where others might have failed, in putting forward an objective statement which, though not uncritical in tone, leaves the real business of criticism to others. It cannot be easy to obtain the kind of information which makes Mr. Hubbard's book so valuable, and it is clear that the author's long-standing connection with Russia has stood him in good stead. Some tendency to repetition and some awkwardness of arrangement are indications of the complexity of his task rather than avoidable defects in an exposition of an essentially complicated matter. The rapidity with which changes have been, and are, going on has offered a further grave difficulty, in particular, perhaps, the abolition of rationing, which was completed only at the beginning of this year, when the book had reached its final stages.

With the abolition of rationing the other forces which restrain consumption become the more prominent. Of these by far the most important is the maintenance of high prices. Mr. Hubbard tells us that "the bulk of the budget revenue (nearly 87 per cent. in 1934) is derived from the difference between production costs and selling price." The main object of State expenditure is capital investment. Thus high prices, maintained by the monopolist State, provide the funds for capital investment, and at the same time keep consumption down to the amount which can be produced by those resources which are left over after the demands of investment have been met (the proportion of the national income which is devoted to investment being, of course, immensely great).

The gap between production costs and selling price is mainly covered by the turnover tax on retail trade. This tax, which varies enormously in extent as between one commodity and another, is really an addition to the wholesale price, so calculated as to keep demand down to the available supply. Thus the principle of planning can be allowed to operate independently of the desires of consumers. If the demand for a particular commodity increases, this merely means that a higher retail price is charged, while the wholesale price remains unaltered and production is maintained at its planned level. (Mr. Hubbard does, however, admit, in one of the last pages of his book, that the Government *might* then be induced to increase the planned output.)

Another method of restricting consumption is by "inducing" people to save. To the extent that this can be achieved the price-level is kept down—a point, curiously enough, to which the Soviet authorities seem to attach considerable importance. The payment of 8 per cent. interest on State bonds provides an inadequate inducement—illness and old age are cared for by the State, its bonds "cannot be sold except with the permission of the authorities, rarely given," and death duties rise to 90 per cent.—but if we are to believe Mr. Hubbard, "the results of not subscribing amount to almost irresistible pressure to subscribe the amount of at least three weeks' salary or wages"; and something like 15 per cent. of the total investment of the country is covered by the saving of private individuals.

For a complete account of the part that the rate of interest plays, and does not play, in the Soviet system the reader must be referred to Mr. Hubbard's book. He will find much to puzzle over, both on this point and on many others (such as the importance attached to the volume of currency in circulation in a country where the banking system is not much more than the Government's auditing department). But it would be unfair to Mr. Hubbard to let it be supposed that his object is to provide debating points to those who take their pleasure in raising objections based on logic and on reasoning. The immensity of the Russian task, and the boldness and success with which it has been faced, are revealed in almost every page of this book.

R. F. KAHN

MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS

English Downland. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. "The Face of Britain" Series. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Year after year, the world grows a duller, uglier and more dangerous place; yet even to-day one may still be startled into feelings of delight and bewilderment by the beauty, variety and oddity of the English rural scene. Thus, on the Dorset coast, a great English landowner maintains a swannery which houses some eleven hundred birds. They live on a narrow strip of water, many miles in length, which is separated from the sea by a high bank of shingle; and at sunset this lagoon, viewed from the hillside above, with the white swan-flotillas scattered along its surface, has the romantic and dreamlike quality of some fabulous classical landscape. How many motorists have paid their respects to the Cerne Abbas Giant? Surely there is no other European country that can boast of an ithyphallic giant, one hundred and eighty feet high, carved out of the chalk across the steep grassy slope which overhangs a peaceful stone-built village? The monster—he is generally supposed to be of Neolithic origin—brandishes a knotted club almost as tall as himself and strides along the down in an attitude of truculent virility. During the Middle Ages, there was a monastery under his feet; yet neither mediaeval monk nor nineteenth-century parson has dared to fill up the deep, carefully weeded chalk furrow that outlines his portentous frame. It is said that his magical virtues have not entirely deserted him, and that he is still credited with the power to remove barrenness.

Both Abbotsbury and Cerne Abbas are celebrated with proper enthusiasm by Mr. H. J. Massingham in his interesting and richly detailed study, *English Downland*. The English chalk ridges, as Mr. Massingham points out, provide England with some of its most characteristic scenery—certainly with some of its most beautiful: those long undulating green swells that dip away towards an isolated sheep-cote or lonely downland farm, on their smooth flanks a splendid clump of beech-trees or, higher up, small thickets of thorn or box, bent and flattened by the continual pressure of the winds. No aroma could be more stimulating than the smell of short, sun-dried downland turf, particularly—as happens in Dorset—when that scent is mingled with a faint saline waft drifting in from the not too distant sea-shore. To-day, these "majestic mountains" (as Gilbert White called them), which stretch from Flamborough south and west obliquely across England, are among the quietest and least frequented spaces of the whole country; yet, wherever we go, we find evidence that they once teemed with life—that they were densely populated when the valleys beneath were uninhabited. Mr. Massingham writes agreeably both of the beauty of the downs themselves and

THE BATTLE OF PAMPHLETS

HAROLD NICOLSON, M.P.
Politics in the Train

This is the confession of faith of a member of the National Labour Party. Mr. Nicolson, who even in the short time since his sensational victory at West Leicester has made his mark in the House of Commons, sets out with force and with his own whimsical humour his interpretation of what, in his view, National Labour stands for.

He claims that his group appeals to the fundamental mentality of the British people, who want action but dislike extremes; who, if they are bored with complacent Conservatism, are equally bored with Fascist and Marxist rhetoric; and who, from profound instinct, know that internal re-organisation and foreign policy, if carried out by any sort of dictatorship or according to a dead formulæ of Capitalism, will not be such as they want and mean them to be.

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of the various traces of prehistoric occupation that appear on almost every slope—the camps, backways, cultivation-terraces and hut-circles. Here and there, it is true, his style tends to over-emphasis; there are a number of lyrical passages that might have been curtailed; but his book makes a useful addition to an excellent series. It is sensibly priced, well printed and well produced. The photographs maintain the high standard of previous volumes.

VIOLENCE IN BIOGRAPHY

The Earnest Atheist: A Study of Samuel Butler. By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

How could anybody—one reflects after reading *The Earnest Atheist*—have come to detest Butler so violently? The surprise of finding the prim, huffy little man, so conspicuous for his sense of fun, labelled on the title page "the earnest atheist" gives way to amazement when one realises that Mr. Muggeridge seriously considers Butler to have been one of the dreariest humbugs who ever lived. It is the story of the ugly duckling who turns into a very ugly duck indeed; and how Mr. Muggeridge loathes his waddle! Well, we have read Butler's own writings, the note-books, the letters, the various Lives by Jones and others—what are the new facts on which Mr. Muggeridge bases his indictment? Very few, so far as I can make out. He has discovered that Jones used to visit on Tuesday afternoons, at Butler's expense, the milliner whom Butler visited on Wednesday afternoons; and this delightful addition to Butleriana moves him to several passages of scathing contempt. There are few things Butler said or did of which he is not contemptuous. He sees Butler as a coward, a sponger, an egoist, a refugee in the world of ideas, "the worst, if not the first, of the self-deceivers." Here is his summing-up:

> He might just as well have become a clergyman, since he was one; he might just as well have married Madame as go to her every Wednesday afternoon at a pound a time; he might just as well have gone on working amongst adolescent lads in the parish of St. James's, Piccadilly, as sit, "my Mr. Butler and his dear friend Jones," on either side of Remi Faesch, and talk about God being the greatest philosopher without intellect, and just as well have preached the Gospel as creative evolution. He was always hacking at stubble, and full of the unease engendered by ideas bubbling and striving in the darkness of a fanatical spirit. Ideas go bad in a fanatical spirit, like milk in thundery weather. They went bad in Butler

A critic who can find no more than this in Butler is obviously incapable of saying much that is to the point. *The Earnest Atheist* fails badly as criticism; nevertheless, it is written with a curious brilliance, and those who do not object to unfairness in a biography will find it a lively focus of hatreds. All the things, apparently, which Mr. Muggeridge hates, from Victorianism and clergymen to beards and the British Museum Reading Room, are heaped on poor Butler's head; and in one passage he even seems to attribute to Butler the failure of the League of Nations. In the end, the reader is left wondering, not so much about Butler, who dies many deaths in this book, as about Mr. Muggeridge. He jabs pin after pin into his odd little effigy. Such violence, presumably, is its own reward. G. W. S.

"Dear Sir,

My fiancé has almost every merit a girl can look for, but, alas! his chin is worse than a nutmeg-grater. Well, I mean it looks *like a nutmeg-grater but feels worse. Can you suggest any remedy, short of breaking our engagement?*

Yours,

Constant Reader."

Certainly We Can,

It is obvious that the gentleman needs something far more efficient than ordinary shaving soap. Ask him to use ***Parke-Davis Shaving Cream.*** It was made for smoothing down such obstacles in the path of true love. Men who used to swear at their razors now swear by Parke-Davis Shaving Cream instead. It does them much more good. And there's a special antiseptic in it that's quite delightful. There's sure to be a Chemist somewhere near who's equally sure to stock the BIG eighteenpenny tube...best investment for quick, comfortable and *close* shaving.

SHORTER NOTICES

Infant Speech: A Study of the Beginnings of Language. By M. M. LEWIS. *Kegan Paul.* 12s. 6d.

This is a very learned, elaborate, and comprehensive study of infant speech as it bears on the actual nature of speech generally and on the development of language in childhood. Dr. Lewis has brought all the earlier studies of his subject into contribution, and submitted them to the test of his own personal observation, and the tables alone which show the phonetic progress of individual infants during their first year will be invaluable to students. Dr. Lewis contends that from the early murmurings of the infant sounds emerge that soon become purposeful, generic words in fact, sought at first with many meanings. Thus a sound expressive of the desire for food may presently be applied to the person providing the food, to the food itself, and to anything associated with food. Here is a study that should have practical educational value, for it provides evidence that the infant's "intelligence" persistently outruns its phonetic accomplishment, and to this the observation that the children of educated parents use adult words sooner than do the children of uneducated parents bears positive witness. Dr. Lewis's survey also demonstrates how closely speech may approximate to gesture, when the movements of tongue and lips give point to the purposeful sounds made by the mewling infant.

Tsushima. By A. NOVIKOFF-PRIBOY. *Allen and Unwin.* 16s.

The story of military and naval blunders is generally told us by apologists of the blunderers, if not by the blunderers themselves. It is therefore as salutary as it is instructive to have the Battle of Tsushima, during which Admiral Togo destroyed the Russian fleet under Rozhestvensky, described by one who went through it in the very subordinate capacity of Paymaster's steward. Here is no glossing of the facts which were primarily complete inefficiency of command, of material and of morale, to which the contemptuous chorus of lower-deck criticism which flows racily through the narrative bears pungent witness. Here in the talk of the seamen is the very stuff of the revolution which a decade later was to sweep away the world in which Rozhestvensky and his kind flourished. Day by day we sail or coal with the doomed fleet as it blundered on its way. The description of the Dogger Bank incident, that amazing exhibition of nerves at sea, is curiously vivid, as indeed is the whole narrative, and when at last the battle was joined we are spared nothing of the horrors of a sea-battle under modern conditions. The author has brought many of his contemporaries into collaboration, so that we pass from ship to ship as the battle rages, and, in the end, see the battle for the grotesque catastrophe it was. If there be any who still believe that Tsarism was worth preserving, here is a book that should undeceive them, unless they prefer to be deceived.

What They Wore: A History of Children's Dress. By MARGARET JACKSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 4s. 6d.

Readers of E. Nesbit's charming children's stories will remember that one in which two children go on adventures into the past by the slipping on of "period" dresses, found in a magic trunk in the attic. So Dr. Jackson takes us back, in her little book of Children's Costume from our own day to the Stone Age, giving us sidelights on dress and manners from contemporary writers, as well as detailed descriptions of dress, accessories and deportment. Her amusing little preface suggests that the book is intended primarily as an aid for young theatrical producers; but while admirably fitting this purpose it is at the same time a serious and useful accompaniment to history lessons. The author's enthusiasm for freedom and yet more freedom appears throughout the book. The decadence of the cave child from its primal liberty is wittily described. "When weaving was discovered, the death-knell of sensible dress for children was sounded, though the effects of this unfortunate discovery did not become serious for many centuries. At first mothers contented themselves with making their children wear roughly woven tunics under the usual animal skin, and no great harm was done; but, with the spread of civilisation, the sinister influence of the loom became more apparent, until it culminated in the wretched child of the eighteenth century, curled, buttoned, laced and

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Tu., & Wed.
APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.
COLISEUM. Lilac Time. W., Th., Sat.
GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.
DUCHESS. Spring Tide. Wed. & Sat.
GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.
ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.
ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.
SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.
STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., W., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER.
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES, by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. Evgs. at 8.15.
LILAC TIME.
Mats., Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2.30.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2. TEM. 8243.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30. (Smoking).
SPRING TIDE
LOUISE HAMPTON ARTHUR SINCLAIR

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
250th PERFORMANCE SEPT. 9th.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
IRENE BROWNE & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME: Ger. 3272. TWICE NIGHTLY.
6.25, 9. JACK WALLER'S
"NO! NO! NANETTE"
with Clifford Mollison, Shaun Glenville,
Phyllis Monkman, Barbara Vernon
All seats bookable. (6.25, 1/6–7/6) (9 p.m., 1/6–10/6).

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
Evgs., 8.30. Ex. Mon. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903). No perfs. Mons.
EVGS., 8.30. WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."
Produced by GILBERT MILLER.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. London's Longest Run. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Th., Sat., 2.30. Esme PERCY in
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.
Viola TREE. Clifford BARTLETT. Marjorie MARS.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
LONDON'S LOUDEST AND LONGEST LAUGH.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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"DE KRIBBEBIJTER" (U)
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NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

INTELLIGENT PEOPLE support cremation because it is Hygienic. It preserves the land for the use of the living. You can ensure free cremation at death at any crematorium in Gt. Britain for £5 5s., six yearly payments of £1 1s., or weekly payments of 3d. over a limited period. Write for FREE BROCHURE NSCA, Cremation Society, 23 Nottingham Place, London, W.1. Welbeck 6079.

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Applications, accompanied by drawings or photographs of work, two testimonials and the names of two referees, should reach the undersigned not later than 14th September, 1936.

EDWARD CAREY,
August, 1936. Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

Appointment of Assistant Lecturer in Departments of Greek and Latin.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Classics.

Stipend £300 per annum. Duties to begin 1st October, 1936. Six copies of application, with not more than three testimonials or references, must be sent, on or before 14th September, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

The University, C. G. BURTON,
Edmund Street, Secretary.
Birmingham, 3.
July, 1936.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant-in-Charge, Haydock Branch Library. Candidates must have passed the Elementary Examination of the Library Association and should have had a good general education. Salary £120–10–£150. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the Lancashire County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, accompanied by three testimonials, should reach the Director of Education, County Library, County Offices, Preston, not later than first post on September 8th.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF MIDDLESEX

Education Committee

MIDDLESEX COUNTY LIBRARIES. Assistant in charge of branch library (Male) required. Experience in lending and reference departments essential. Salary £155, thence by annual increments of £20—£230 per annum, (first increment is £15 only), subject to satisfactory service.

Appointment subject to Council's Superannuation Scheme (including medical examination).

Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, to The County Librarian, Middlesex County Libraries, Hanworth Road, Hounslow, not later than 12th September.

10, Great George Street, H. M. WALTON,
S.W.1. Secretary,
Middlesex Education Committee

THE Liverpool Personal Service Society (Incorporated) invites applications before September 30th for a woman to direct the training of students in case work. Experience in case work is essential; a University Degree and experience in the training of students are desirable. Salary £300–£325. Further particulars may be obtained from the SECRETARY, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

OXFORD Graduate (23), Second History. Seeks post (teaching or otherwise). French, fluent German; travelled, experience of social work. Keen, work hard. Good references. Ryder, Scarcroft, Leeds.

WANTED, for small modern house near Cambridge, two ladies as Working Housekeeper and Gardener-Chauffeuse. Good wages and outings. One lady. Box 358, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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starched into comparative immobility." The chapter on "Children in Our Time" should be read by all mothers. It is packed with common sense about children's dress, based on Dr. Jackson's wide experience with children of all ages and types. *What They Wore* leaves us with the feeling that things have really changed for the better; that our own and our children's bodies have more chance to-day than for many hundred years of growing into the efficient, well-balanced and beautiful objects which Nature "intended" them—even though our external coverings may have lost in colour and picturesqueness.

Week-end Competitions

No. 337

Set by Sylvia Lynd

Disparagement being one of life's constant pleasures, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for disparaging sentences or phrases about any six of the following places: New York, Venice, Florence, Avignon, Granada, the Rhone Valley, the Isle of Mull, the Rocky Mountains, Dublin Bay, Derwent Water, York Minster, Polperro.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 4th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 335

Set by Hamish Miles

On one and the same day, I read in the newspapers of a shipwreck, in which "there was no panic, and at the captain's order of '*Ladies and children first!*' the passengers gave a cheer"; and of a dispute in the polo-playing world, of which one disputant remarks that it is all "*a tempest in a tea-cup.*" The usual prizes are offered for three similar refinements of accepted English phrases, proverbs, or maledictions. Competitors who refine too subtly should indicate their raw material.

Report by Hamish Miles

Readers were horrifyingly prolific, and often uncomfortably ingenious, in proffering their refinements. Too many strayed from the point by merely making simple things pompous, or by miniature essays in Johnsonese; and a great many had one good example (real or contrived) with a couple of dull supporters. Here are a few instances of this last class:

A lady taken in intimacy.
Playing second violin.
And so to sleep . . . [Pepys].
Every tub must stand on its own base.
Up the insurgents!
What is yours?
All's fair in love and national emergencies.
Miss Finick had told me a gossipy story and was binding me to secrecy with "Of course, mum's the . . ." when her parlour-maid entered the room. . . . "Madam's the word!" said Miss Finick.
Never discard a woollen vest till May be over.
Laugh and the world laughs with you: weep and the world respects your privacy.

A pleasing one of the apparently authentic class was this, given as from a school speech-day in the North of England:

. . . we all know Wellington's saying that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of our public schools.

I doubt whether any one entry stood out unmistakably first. So I suggest that the prizes be awarded equally between Arnold Hyde, A. Caldwell and Idstone. Here are their entries, in that order:

I

1. Preserve yesterday, preserve to-morrow, but never preserve to-day.
2. To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the d——d.
3. The Union John.

II

1. The dog returns to his malaise.
2. Organs of compassion.
3. A disgrace to her gender.

III

1. As gentleman to gentleman.
2. To bury one's talent in a serviette.
3. Well commenced is half concluded.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 192.—ARTHURIAN LEGEND

BY F. MORTIMER WENTWORTH

A jousting contest was held at Arthur's court. The names of the competitors appeared in the programme as under:

1. Sir Lancelot * * * * *
2. Sir Bedivere * * * *
3. Sir Gawain * * *
4. Sir Kay * *
5. Sir Geraint *

According to the conditions of the contest, the 5-star Knight (Sir Lancelot) had first to fight the 4-star Knight (Sir Bedivere). The winner of this contest had next to fight Sir Gawain; the winner of this contest, to fight Sir Kay; and the winner of this penultimate contest to fight Sir Geraint. The ultimate winner received the prize from the fair hands of Queen Guinevere.

The estimated chances of a win for each Knight in combat with another were represented by the number of stars against their names. Thus, in the case of the first fight, the chances were held to be 5 to 4 on Sir Lancelot. If Sir Bedivere won this contest, his chances against Sir Gawain were held to be 4 to 3; and so on.

Merlin, who was not a good mathematician, made a book on the contest. He offered:

2 to 1 against Sir Lancelot.
3 „ 1 „ Sir Bedivere.
4 „ 1 „ Sir Gawain.
5 „ 1 „ Sir Kay.
6 „ 1 „ Sir Geraint.

Each Knight was backed for 1,000 boobles.

How much did Merlin stand to gain or lose?

PROBLEM 190.—A HOME FROM HOME

Mr. Caro's solution is as follows:

The solution may fairly readily be obtained by systematic trial and error.

For those more mathematically inclined the general solution may prove of interest. If M and N are the numbers of inmates of each sex, then

$$M = 2^{r+1}bc \text{ and } N = 2^{h+1}d$$

where b, c, and d are primes such that

$$b = 3w - 1,$$
$$c = 6w - 1,$$
$$d = 18w^2 - 1,$$
$$w = 2^r, \ r \text{ being an integer.}$$

By putting $r = 1$, we obtain M = 220, N = 284. The next pair is obtained by making $r = 3$, when M = 17,296 and N = 18,416, postulating a number of inmates which no institution however large could reasonably be expected to accommodate.

(Such pairs have been termed amicable.)

Hence number of inmates = 504.

The majority of solvers have submitted 48 + 75 = 123, which ignores the fact that 1 is "an exact integral divisor." Had it been intended to except 1, this would have been stated.

I cannot admit such answers as 12, 56, etc., *i.e.*, twice a "perfect" number. These answers imply that the number of male and female inmates is the same, whereas the wording of the problem implies the contrary.

PROBLEM 189.—DOWN ON THE FARM

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: C. C. Dyke, 7 Lower Alt Road, Hightown, Liverpool.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

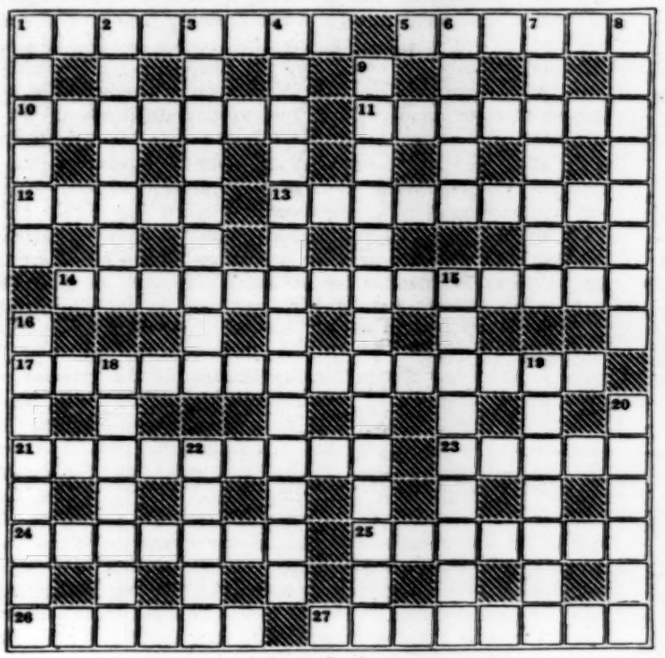
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 338

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Waters, Medfa, Gloucester Road, Kingston Hill.

ACROSS

1. Sounds like a way to remove the money bag.
5. The woman says she is the victim of the first murderer.
10. Coat for a philosopher.
11. The gunman will pull it off.
12. Part of a gun Tilbury provides.
13. One should say the opposite of "hear, hear" to such remarks.
14. Where you may find cross-words noticed so to speak.
17. These game middlemen are evidently not expected to turn back.
21. The ugly man is got up in laughable style.
23. Gets a rise whenever employed.
24. A show piece.
25. The empty feeling when the guests have departed.
26. Used to remove superficial specks.
27. Those who follow this symbol are not moon worshippers.

DOWN

1. This was recently thrown in Berlin.
2. "My —— for a palmer's walking staff. . . . And my large kingdom for a little grave."
3. Poetic cry of an ambitious young mountaineer.
4. Opponents in such contests would not take turns.
6. You'll find me in the outhouse.
7. Fearfully fancy creation.
8. Generosity with a capital S?
9. Folk song fruit market.
15. Everything about Mary is flowery.
16. Butcher's football tackle at the finish.
18. People play them with crosses.
19. Surgical division that used to be wordy.
20. Below quality in the play.
22. Permeate.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	S	H	E	N	■	E	M	B	E	R	D	A	Y	S
R	■	A	■	A	■	X	■	R	■	O	■	C	■	T
M	A	R	A	N	A	T	H	A	■	O	U	T	D	O
E	■	D	■	N	■	O	■	I	■	K	■	O	■	N
D	O	T	T	Y	■	L	O	N	G	R	A	N	G	E
■	■	I	■	■	■	L	■	I	■	■	■	S	■	■
T	A	M	E	R	■	F	E	E	T	F	I	R	S	T
O	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	L	■	I	■	E
P	A	S	S	P	O	R	T	S	■	E	N	D	U	P
S	■	■	■	R	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	■
T	E	M	P	E	R	A	T	E	■	B	L	E	N	D
O	■	A	■	S	■	L	■	A	■	A	■	P	■	A
R	O	G	U	E	■	A	F	T	E	R	N	O	O	N
E	■	I	■	N	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	L	■	D
Y	A	C	H	T	S	M	A	N	■	N	E	E	D	Y

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Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE FRANC OUTLOOK—FRENCH STERLING BONDS—BEET SUGAR CORPORATION—C.P. MANGANESE ORE—COCOA AND AFRICAN AND EASTERN

THE flight of French capital abroad goes on but in smaller money and in more devious ways. Foreign notes and gold coins are being purchased over the counter at rising premiums by the petty capitalists in France whose nerves have been shattered by the civil war in Spain. The big capitalist's money has long ago been hidden overseas. [Dr. Einzig asserts that since the beginning of July no *hoarded* gold has been shipped from Paris to London. The disclosure in our Customs returns over this period of gold imports from France of £65 millions points to the repatriation by the British Exchange Equalisation Fund of the "ear-marked" gold which it acquired in exchange for francs during recent operations.] When the French Assembly meets in the autumn another battle for the franc will be fought. The Government will be requiring further loans and the export trade will be in its last extremity. In the first seven months of this year the excess of imports over exports was about £70 millions, which is nearly £30 millions worse than last year. The Money Editor of *The Financial News* seems to be fearful lest a financial crisis in France be followed by a civil war. But this is most unlikely. France cannot imitate Spain until her Fascists have attempted a counter revolution and, as everyone knows, the French Fascists have not won over the French army. After all, a financial crisis is a chronic affair in France and now that the Bank of France is nationalised, the coming crisis in the autumn cannot even precipitate a war between the Government and the bankers: it can only precipitate more loans. The Popular Front may reject devaluation now, but a continued rise in domestic prices and increasing unemployment will bring about a revolt against the Government's hopeless economic policy sooner or later. I hope that M. Blum is not demanding an exchange agreement with Great Britain as a basis for devaluation. We are not going back to gold at this stage (if ever) and the utmost we can offer is to use the resources of the Exchange Equalisation Fund in pegging the franc at a new level of, say, 100 to the £.

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I cannot help feeling that the London market has overdone its bearishness of the French railway *sterling* loans which are virtually Government obligations. The following table gives the present market prices and yields of the Nord, Midi and Orleans sterling bonds:

	Highest Price, 1936.	Present Price.	Yields, %. Flat.	Adjusted Redemption.
Nord Rly. 6% Sterling Bonds (redeemable at par 1950, or at 103% on 3 mths.' notice)	107½	102½	£5 19 9	£5 19 6
Midi Rly. 4% Sterling Bonds, 1975	102¼	83½	£4 17 0	£5 3 0
Orleans Rly. 4% Sterling Bonds, 1975	102¼	83½	£4 17 0	£5 3 0

It is suggested that these sterling loans have been sold heavily by French capitalists who are not anxious to disclose their foreign holdings to M. Blum. British investors who still hold French Government bonds in francs should at least scramble out into these sterling loans to escape the coming devaluation of the franc.

* * *

When the State takes over a private commercial enterprise the basis of compensation often provokes the expropriated persons to great indignation. Not so, however, in the case of beet sugar. The shareholders of the old beet sugar companies have cause for great rejoicing, for the State has been as generous to them on liquidation as it was generous in subsidies during their commercial lifetime. That bastard public board, the Beet Sugar Corporation, that dreadful offspring of unholy union between State and private interests, acquired the goodwill and assets of fifteen beet sugar companies by virtue of the Sugar Industry (Reorganisation) Act of 1936. It paid in £1 shares. Valuing these shares at par the directors of two of the acquired companies—Lincolnshire Sugar and the Second Lincolnshire Sugar—estimate that the liquidation will give the shareholders the following handsome profits—Lincolnshire Sugar 30*s.* 6*d.* for each £1 preference share and 7*s.* 6*d.* for each 1*s.* ordinary share and Second Lincolnshire 29*s.* 6*d.* for every £1 share. Now the shares of the British Sugar Corporation are considered in the market to be worth more than par. The Corporation is to purchase home-grown beet, to manufacture sugar therefrom and to enter into a refining agreement in co-operation with the other sugar refiners and the Treasury is to provide such assistance as will assure a "reasonable" return (starting at 4 per cent.) on its capital. Moreover, the Corporation is permitted under an "incentive agreement" to retain a proportion of the economies from amalgamation and to pay dividends up to a maximum of 7 per cent. (total). I have seen a market estimate to the effect that over a period of ten years the economies should enable the Corporation to pay an *average* annual dividend of 5½ per cent. The shares of the Corporation are "talked" up to 25*s.* How sweet are the uses of expropriation—under a sound capitalistic Government! To provide the Corporation with working capital the Treasury is guaranteeing an issue this week of £750,000 2¾ per cent. debenture stock 1961 at 98.

* * *

An indirect but thorough-going interest in the rearmament boom can be acquired by a purchase of Central Provinces Manganese ore Ordinary shares of 10*s.* Manganese increases the hardness and toughness of steel, and some years ago Sir Robert Hadfield developed a steel containing as much as 12 per cent. manganese, which is of vital importance to the mining and armament industries. The Central Provinces account for the bulk of the Indian exports of manganese ore, and the intensity of the armament demand has been apparent in the rise of 24 per cent. in Indian exports for the first six months of this year as compared with the corresponding period for 1935. In 1934 India exported 374,388 tons, in 1935 697,379 tons (an increase of 81½ per cent.) and in the first half of 1936 390,836 tons. The price of manganese ore has fluctuated considerably. Russia entered the market after the war by undercutting its competitors, and the price of high-grade Indian manganese ore declined from 2*s.* per unit in 1924 to 11*d.* in 1934–35. In November last the price was raised to 1*s.* per unit and it is now 1*s.* 0½*d.* The increase in her domestic consumption has lessened Russia's competitive power in the export market, so that the price outlook for manganese is much brighter. For 1935 Central Provinces Manganese Ore earned 31.4 per cent. tax free and paid dividends of 25 per cent. tax free. Earnings this year should justify an increase in the dividends to 35 per cent. tax free, but the directors are notoriously reluctant to pay their shareholders big dividends, preferring to save their surtaxes by capital bonuses. At 4-9/32 Central Provinces Manganese Ore 10*s.* shares would return a yield of £4 12*s.* per cent. gross on dividends of 30 per cent. tax free and £5 7*s.* 3*d.* per cent. gross on 35 per cent. tax free. Apart from Soviet Russia and the British Empire (India, West Africa and South Africa) none of the Great Powers has adequate manganese deposits. The Central Provinces Manganese Ore Company, however, sells impartially to Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany and Japan.

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Now let me turn from raw material of war to foodstuffs. The rise in the price of cocoa calls attention to the increasing prosperity of the West Coast of Africa. At the beginning of 1936 Accra cocoa was selling at 23*s.* per 50 kilos. in June it was 27*s.* 6*d.* and to-day 30*s.* 6*d.* An investment interest in this market can be acquired indirectly by a purchase of African and Eastern 12 per cent. non-cumulative preferred ordinary shares of 10*s.* This Company amalgamated its business in West Africa with that of the Niger Company in 1929 and received in exchange 20 per cent. of the capital of the merger company called United Africa. In 1935 United Africa earned 10.9 per cent. and paid a dividend of 8 per cent. This dividend was sufficient to enable African and Eastern to pay the full 6 per cent. dividend on its cumulative "A" preference shares and 10 per cent. on its 12 per cent. non-cumulative preferred ordinary shares. It is expected that this year United Africa will increase its dividend, and that African and Eastern will be able to pay the full 12 per cent. on its preferred ordinary shares. At 18*s.* 6*d.* these 10*s.* shares would return a yield of £5 8*s.* 3*d.* per cent. on a dividend of 10 per cent. and £6 10*s.* on a dividend of 12 per cent. Having written this note, I am distressed to read that chocolate is part of the "iron" rations issued to soldiers and that the military expansion of Germany has contributed to the recent strength of the cocoa market.

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